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MANY CYCLE BARGAINS appear in this issue. FREE CATALOGUES are offered by RUDDIE WHITWORTH (p. 31), GRAVES (p. 35), O'BRIEN (p. 29), MEAD (p. 12), ROYAL ENFIELD (p. 34), JUNO (p. 35).

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P.M.G. Lees Smith Suggested for Lord Byng's Post!

Several Budget Certainties

Husbands on a String

Britain has paid no more than a fifth of this sum, but it seems to us that a little thing like this should not weigh against cutting down battle-ships costing five millions apiece.

To date, the Five Powers have paid £300,000 between them.

England expects—

Nelson's furniture in the *Victory* is only on loan there, and it is likely to be sold abroad in the near future.

The Government refuses to devote public money to its retention in this country.

We aren't sentimental; but we do hope it doesn't go to America.

The present Lord Nelson, who still draws a pension for Trafalgar, ought to be given first refusal.

This freedom

There is trouble in store for Mr. W. J. Brown, Labour M.P. for Wolverhampton, who recently wrote a newspaper article vigorously attacking his Party's work in Parliament.

Some of the head men in the Labour movement intend to take steps in his constituency that will probably result in somebody else being chosen as the Labour candidate when the next General Election comes round.

We hold no brief for Mr. Brown, but we do think that the suggested action savours somewhat of tyranny.

Cost of a challenge

Before the first race for the America Cup between Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger, *Shamrock V.*, and an American defending yacht takes place, the British owner will have spent something like half a million sterling in his efforts from the beginning to "lift" the trophy.

To the cost, very considerable, of the new yacht must be added that of its rigging, spare sails and fittings, not to mention the wages of the crew and maintenance.

Maintaining a large racing-yacht today is probably the most expensive pastime in the world, surpassing even British polo.

Grass widowers

When a married British male subject applies for a passport to the Dominions or Colonies, he has to pre-

sent a letter from his wife stating that she is agreeable to the husband proceeding abroad.

A question about the need for this is to be asked in Parliament, but the reply of the Dominions Secretary will probably be that this is the only way to deal with absconding husbands.

In some towns there are hundreds of wives who have been left chargeable to the rates.

Guests at No. 10

Each one of the seven or eight hundred working women who are coming up to London at Whitsuntide for the annual conference of Labour women is to receive an invitation from Miss Ishbel MacDonald to one of the two garden-parties at No. 10, Downing Street.

Miners' wives from South Wales, cotton-weaving lessees from Lancashire, housewives from the artisan's cottage—all of them will be there.

No. 10 has never before known such a democratic gathering.

More "Contemptible"?

It is now settled that the strength of our standing Army must be reduced during this financial year. A small committee of experts will decide the best way to do it.

One, if not two, cavalry regiments will disappear, together with several batteries of artillery. "Mechanisation" is advanced as a means of maintaining the fighting strength.

Other corps, such as the Royal Army Service Corps and the Royal Army Medical Corps, will also be reduced in strength.

The miller's toll

Look out for more trustification in the already highly trustified wheat-milling industry.

One of Britain's "Big Three" has acquired control of a Limerick mill, and further absorption of Irish mills is likely.

Meantime, £18,000,000 of the increase in the housewife's bread-bill since 1914 cannot be explained away by the rise in wheat prices.

Most of it is going into the pockets of the millers.

Quid pro quota

A backwash of the gigantic crash in Wall Street last year is just reaching this country in rather curious fashion.

Many of those who worked in Wall Street now find their occupation gone and are drifting into this country in search of work.

Scarcely a liner has reached this country from New York recently that has not carried one or more of them.

Some have found work in the London offices of American firms, but there are so many who do not succeed that their admission here is to be limited on the quota basis.

Pea-and-thimble

The middleman still seems to be doing himself very nicely.

Since the gold standard was restored, wholesale prices have gone down by 22½ per cent.

But in the same period retail prices have gone down by only a little over 5 per cent.

Somebody is intercepting the other 17½ per cent. on its way down from the wholesale warehouse to the consumer.

Another Cooked yarn?

Explorer Fred A. Cook, M.D., never quite got the world to take seriously his claim to have reached the North Pole with Peary.

His claim to have discovered oil in Texas, however, was taken seriously. He was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment for selling fraudulent oil stock.

Now released, Dr. Cook hints that the gallant Amundsen may not really be dead.

If this is flying another kite for financial backing, the oily explorer deserves fourteen years more for abusing the name of the brave Norwegian.

At least we know

Huge figures have been published regarding unemployment in America. Variations have been as wide as from 1½ to 5 millions.

The astounding fact is that the American Government, which takes such an elaborate census, has no certain gauge of the extent of the distress.

A group of businesses employing less than five million people are questioned regularly—about one-eighth of the total which should be surveyed.

On this basis guesses are made at the national figures, and even at that men working only one day in six are returned as employed.

Hole and corner

The new Public Assistance Committees are preparing to carry on the work of the old boards of guardians behind closed doors. Under the guardians the Press attended.

There is nothing in the new Act to make them sit in the open—a direct encouragement to revive Old Bumble.

Mr. J. Chuter Ede, the Labour Member for South Shields, has introduced a Bill to throw these meetings open.

The Government must provide this safety-valve. Besides there should be nothing to hide.

PARLIAMENT and police circles are canvassing the difficult position of Lord Byng, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, on his return from South Africa.

There is little doubt that his resignation is imminent. His successor is eagerly being discussed.

One name mentioned in well-informed circles is Lord Mersey's son, the Hon. Sir Trevor Bigham, K.C.B., a barrister, who has been an Assistant-Commissioner at Scotland Yard for the last sixteen years—a thoroughly popular and efficient man.

Another is Mr. H. B. Lees Smith, M.P., the present Postmaster General. Mr. Lees Smith sat on the tribunal appointed to enquire into the Savidge case.

He signed a minority report, and passed the gravest censure upon police methods.

Budget "no fears"

Just how many revenue-raising measures Mr. Snowden will put in hand this year depends on the final calculations that he is making this week.

But there are one or two fears that can already be put at rest, because he has already decided:

Not to raise the tax on beer to the consumer;
Not to put any more taxes on food;
Not to tax co-operators' dividends;
Not to raise the income-tax.

On the other hand, one or two of the minor taxes will be swept away, and the people who pay super-tax, death duties and land-taxes are those who will have to foot the bill.

Properganda

Monsieur and Madame Sokolnikoff, the Soviet Ambassador and his wife, are not allowing the limits set by ordinary social and political diplomatic procedure to cramp their style.

They are giving a private exhibition of the Soviet film, "The General Line," at their luxuriously appointed Embassy in Mayfair, and to the performance they have invited a very large number of Members of Parliament.

That certainly seems a more sensible way of getting M.P.s interested in Russia than the methods some of our British Communists adopt.

A bargain

The vote of a further £30,000 towards the cost of maintaining the American delegation at the Naval Conference has aroused some opposition in the U.S. Congress.

It is pointed out that £40,000 has already been spent, and that £70,000 is a lot to pay for what the delegation has—ah—achieved. The biggest item is "hotels."



Trouble in store for him



Is he flying another kite?

IF YOU

It simply isn't done!

A revealing glimpse of the mentality of our plush-bretched, gold-braided, red-tape diplomats is furnished in the Hon. Harold Nicholson's biography of his father, the late Lord Carnock, Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office in 1914.

On August 4 the usual polite note was sent to the German Ambassador, together with his passport. The letter began, "The German Empire having declared war upon Great Britain..."

After it had gone, "the Foreign Office realised with acute horror" that it had sent "an incorrect declaration of war."

Young Harold had to dash to the German Embassy and get the letter back again for re-drafting.

Otherwise, of course, the war just couldn't have gone on!

Anywhere but Britain

M. Gaston, Gerard, the newly-appointed High Commissioner for the Tourist Traffic in France, has proposed to the Chamber of Deputies the abolition of disembarkment and embarkment taxes in order to increase the traffic which swells the nation's wealth.

Actually foreign tourists spent £120,000,000 in France during the last year for which the figures are available.

And quite a large part of that cash comes from Britain.

Where is our High Commissioner for the Tourist Traffic? And what do we do to draw it to us and persuade our tourists to tour at home? Practically nothing.

The real thing

In Miss Ivy Pinchbeck's book on "Women Workers and the Industrial Revolution" we are reminded that as recently as 1842 conditions of labour in coal-mines were almost unthinkably appalling.

In a West Riding pit, men stark naked hewed the coal at the face, and women, naked to the waist, dragged it to the foot of the shaft, often crawling on their hands and knees.

Women worked while pregnant, and one had a child born in the pit and brought it up the pit-shaft in her skirt.

The system was stoutly defended by the owners.

Your teapot

Not long ago a big British tea company (Brooke Bond) declared its business was suffering from under-consumption rather than over-production, and suggested a reduction in prices as the remedy.

Despite that, the Dutch East Indian tea-producers have decided to limit their crop for the present year, and they are to be joined in "manufacturing scarcity" by planters' associations in India and Ceylon.

Tea-growers prefer a few large pickings from small teapots to many small pickings from large teapots.

A special tax on their declared profits might induce a change of mind.

Black milk

When a cow was being milked at Chase Farm, Chigwell, it suddenly dropped dead.

William Ewbank, the farmer, was no doubt distressed by the loss of his cow, but apparently he would have been still more distressed by the loss of a few pence.

So the dead cow's milk was mixed with that from the rest of his herd and sent away for retail sale.

When the carcass was examined the cow was found to have died from anthrax.

A fine of £10 for exposing people to danger of infection from such a dreadful disease seems totally inadequate.



Prince George was not afraid

Bone-headed

Prominent doctors are disquieted that some members of the Royal Family should lately have put themselves under the care of "unorthodox" practitioners.

Two examples are Prince George and Princess Patricia of Connaught, both of whom have been receiving treatment from osteopaths.

The doctors are unreasonable. The General Medical Council should bring osteopathy under itsegis.

It would regularise in this country a legitimate branch of surgery, and at the same time rid it of the quacks who bring it into disrepute.

Cinders, M.P.?

Domestic service is still woman's largest occupation. In one year more than 800,000 women over twenty years of age are so employed.

If they acted politically in an organised manner they could turn the scale in such unexpected constituencies as Kensington, Westminster, Hampstead and Chelsea.

The discovery has been made by political organisations, which are now displaying anxiety about wages, hours, accommodation and food in domestic industry.

But what about a Cinderella M.P.?

Kicked their bucket

Not much time elapsed between Sir Wyndham Childs' criticism of Debenhams and Hall, Ltd., the Chancery Lane bucketeers, and court action in the matter.



He appointed a liquidator

Those who were lured into the ingeniously baited trap can hope to recover little, but it remains to be seen whether Mr. A. Wright, the moving spirit in the affair, will be made to suffer as he deserves.

Village Mrs. Hampden

A landowner at Dinas Cross, Pembroke, erected a barbed-wire fence across a path that had always been used by the villagers to gain access to the sea-shore.

Mrs. E. George, a resident in the village, was not slow in expressing her opinion, and led a vigorous campaign against the enclosure.

SEE IT—Continued

After months of persistent agitation she has had the satisfaction of seeing the offending wire torn down by order of the St. Dogmaels District Council.

A few more Mrs. Georges would prove an effective curb on the arrogance of landlordism in rural areas.

In the guise of a man

A more contemptible creature than the husband of Ellen Austin, of Bryan Street, Hanley, never breathed.

For fifteen years, though he has been in good work, he has given her no money. She has nine children, five of whom earn nothing. She was driven by want to steal.

And this wretch of a man appeared in court when she was charged at Burslem, and boasted that she would get nothing out of him—no, not to pay her fine.

The clerk advised the woman to get a separation. We trust he means to see that Austin is made to pay up.

Gone—for what?

Young Pude, of 122, Maxwell Street, South Shields, is fourteen years old. But the law says he must attend school until the end of the term.

When thirteen days were to run he had the chance of a safe job in the Post Office, to start at once. But the law, via the South Shields Police Court, decreed that he must not lose those thirteen days' schooling. And so he loses the job.

Did wit of man ever devise such wicked folly? Just think how much priceless learning the boy would absorb in those thirteen days!

Sydney's scoop

Sydney C. Slaughtern is in the happy position of being able to guarantee you the return of 10s. a week—by postal order, or cheque if preferred—every Monday on a capital of £5. Sparkling interest—520 per cent. per annum.

And, very frankly, he tells you that he covers his expenses, including car, and gets a little bit out of it for himself. Apart from the fun, which must be immense.

Is he just one of Nature's optimists? Or how long has he run this Bonanza from 16, Clifton Road, Kenton, Harrow?

A particular feature is that he desires to deal with those who are not too well off. We wonder why!

Opium fumes

Early in May there will be convened a conference of the Indian local governments to decide their opium policy.

How the conference will be composed and whether the proceedings will be public is not known.

This is to be regretted, because a thorough exposure of the real interests behind the Indian opium traffic is overdue.

There is more European money in it than is generally suspected.

A ghoul

A low scoundrel is the swindler of bereaved relatives.

One trick is very simple, and very lucrative; in nearly every case the duped person leaps into the trap.

The trickster calls at a house where somebody has died recently, and represents himself as the agent of some firm from which the deceased has ordered books or other articles.

There is hardly any need for him to display his artfully designed order, for the relatives are not in a state of mind to squabble, and usually hasten to pay the debt which they imagine their dead friend to have incurred.

A loathsome business.

Discounting experience

A resolution is being put forward at the coming conference of the Union of Post Office Workers proposing that no

person over forty years of age shall be eligible for any of the pensionable posts in the union.

These include the positions of secretary, treasurer, editor, and the various secretaryships.

We trust the resolution will be put out, good and hard.

Premium bunnies

To display rabbits at the World's Poultry Congress, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries has demanded from breeders an entry fee of 30s. to £3 each.

If the intended exhibitor is considered "pure bred, typical, and in good health," it may be retained in which case the entry fee will be retained.

Thus it is proposed to penalise small breeders.

Windscreen "bullets"

Sir Thomas Horder, the famous physician, is the latest victim of



A victim—Sir Thomas Horder

sufficiently strong for a car to hold to be made in the windscreen.

Captain Skinflint

When a British liner arrived at Karachi recently, the captain advanced the crew barely sufficient for pocket-money, telling them to order goods from an outfitter he appointed.

They soon found they could buy much cheaper for cash elsewhere. The "old man" still declined to advance more cash, and said they could choose their own tailors and he would pay the bills.

When the tailors took their bills to the captain he refused to pay without a commission, chargeable to the men.

We thought that the "slop-chest" tradition had passed long ago. Such tactics are alien to British master-mariners.

Cut it out!

To foster in the minds of the British love of their motherland, the Empire Union has circulated its members in the hope of persuading them to purchase medals for the Empire Day—May 24.

These range in price from 6d. (bronze, with ribbon and sash) to £3 14s. 6d. (gold, mounted with brooch and silk ribbon, in leather case).

It is also selling paper flags at 10s. per 1,000 and large bunting for 46s.

We know of better ways of making poor children patriotic. For the sake of them.

Not too bad

Repelling allegations of cruelty at Borstal which have been made recently, we publish the fact that whipping can not be ordered for females in any circumstances, while the number of males birched in a year was two.

Even for males whipping is not an ordinary punishment, but is reserved for such offences as gross perjury or lenience to officers.



Why MORE TAXES?

by The Rt. Hon.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Exclusive
Budget
Statement



Budget Day, 1929. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill being piloted through the crowd outside the Commons.

WE are the heaviest taxed people in the world. Our principal commercial rivals—the United States, France and Germany—are all substantially reducing their taxation, and particularly their direct taxation of wealth.

They are reducing their taxation in order to increase their wealth. They are reducing it in order to stimulate their competitive powers against all countries, but especially against us—the former champion trader and manufacturer.

We are feeling the pinch and rasp of their competition. What is to be our answer to it? More taxes! Taxes! Taxes!! TAXES!!!

That is apparently to be Britain's answer to the challenging world. It is important to find out whether it is the right answer.

But there is a deficit! Mr. Churchill's optimistic finance has landed poor Mr. Snowden in a deficit. As in the Buddhist scheme, he has inherited the sins of his predecessor; he is bound on the wheel of things. What can he do but tax? And is taxation such a bad thing after all?

Let us look into this. Need there have been a deficit? Would there have been a deficit in 1929-30 if the Conservatives had remained in office?

Certainly, whoever had been in office, the bursting of the Wall Street bubble, the deep shock of the Hatry and other London scandals, the general fall in the prices of primary products, must have injured our trade, our employment and our revenue.

They have for the time being severely injured all three. But what is remarkable in the midst of these misfortunes is the strength which our finances have displayed.

A deficit of 14½ million pounds!

But, so far as can be estimated, not less than £9,000,000 is due to increased expenditure by the Socialist Government upon the unemployed, and to other minor new items.

Piling it on

IN 1928-29 the Treasury managed to claw back from the spending departments some five millions by economies effected after the final Estimates had been passed by the House of Commons, and actual expenditure was two millions less than the Budget forecast.

This year there is large additional new expenditure, and the cost of governing the country, instead of being two millions less than the forecast, as it was last year, has been six millions more.

There lies much of the explanation of the deficit. The unforeseen monetary crisis accounts for the rest.

Is it not wonderful how the revenue has stood up to the strain drawn upon it? The loyalty of the British income-tax and super-tax payers is renowned.

In spite of all the adverse and even violent currents of the past year—a Socialist Government, disquieting threats, disheartening expenditure, national uncertainty, world depression—the tax-collectors have realised within 1½ per cent. of the estimate.

I declare, without doubt, that if the Government had not been changed, the Budget of 1929-30 would have produced a surplus.

It has been a pain to me to watch the fortunes of that cherished infant when handed over to the tender mercies of a sharp-tempered baby-farmer. But the child was strong, and he has lived—stunted, but sturdy.

However, for prudence sake we had accumulated a reserve. Though the additions hoped for in 1929-30 were not realised, £20,000,000 has been gathered into the Suspensory Fund to meet future obligations and contingencies.

Mr. Snowden talks of "a till empty of cash, but chock-full of unpaid bills."

He is in fact the heir to finances which even after all the evil tides that have flowed at home and abroad, even after his own additional expenditure of £9,000,000, still leaves him with a surplus on the past year of over £5,000,000.

Robbing the nest

THIS Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer, who never neglected an opportunity of hampering the plans of his predecessor in office, who blithely promised to remit £30,000,000 or £40,000,000 of taxes, who even now, careless of their fortunes, is keeping the safeguarded industries waiting on his nod—even now this none too grateful nor highly deserving personage has actually nearly £5,000,000 in hand over and above all the extra money he has spent.

Ought he, however, to use this nest-egg of £20,000,000 to extinguish the deficit of the past year, and so increase the realised amount of the Sinking Fund up to the full estimated figure?

If he does, he will, of course, attain a high standard of financial virtue, so far as the past is concerned, but will greatly augment his difficulties in the immediate future.

Personally, I should regard this as a needless aggravation of the public burden. At this moment it is of the utmost importance to nurse trade and industry, and to avoid the imposition of new taxation, especially direct taxation.

The Fixed Debt Charge, which I introduced two years ago, cannot be judged by the operations of a single year. Its effectiveness increases by two or three millions with every year that passes. We may well have entered upon a period of cheap money enabling favourable conversions to reduce the interest charge.

We have only to continue our annual provision of £355,000,000 a year for the service of the debt, its sinking fund and the savings certificates, to wipe out entirely (assuming a 4 per cent. average money-rate) our whole debt, external and internal, in forty-eight more years.

Surely this is enough. No nation in the world has ever made such provision. We have only to persevere.

It would seem, therefore, that the Chancellor would be well advised to leave the old year behind him, and let its deficit roll away with it in the shape of a temporary diminution of the moneys paid to extinguish the National Debt.

On this basis he could face the problems of 1930-31 with an inherited additional charge of £15,000,000 for the rating reliefs—the most beneficial remission of taxation that could be conceived—and £20,000,000 from the Suspensory Fund in hand to pay for it.

We must now turn to the revenue for the new year. If the Government had not changed, and nothing more were done to disturb confidence, it would certainly be reasonable to take as the basis of the new year's revenue, the yield of last year—namely, £815,000,000 and to add to this, say, £5,000,000 for normal growth.

Stamps will certainly recover a large part of their abnormal loss. On the other hand, as the result of the Young Reparations Plan and Mr. Snowden's successes at The Hague, we must expect a drop of three or four millions in the payments from Germany.

Taking a general view, the revenue from existing taxes might well be put at £820,000,000. To this should be added the £20,000,000 of the Suspensory Fund, giving a total of £840,000,000.

The total expenditure of last year (apart from Mr. Snowden's nine millions of additions) was £820,000,000. This should have served as the basis for 1930-31. Why should it be increased? A strict economy indeed would have reduced it, as Mr. Snowden has so often urged.

To this £820,000,000 must be added the £15,000,000 for the rating reliefs, making a total expenditure of £835,000,000 and a revenue of £840,000,000, and yielding a prospective surplus of £5,000,000 to be carried forward in the Suspensory Fund in aid of 1931-32.

This was the prospect which we might have faced if there had been no change of Government.

It discloses no need for fresh taxation this year. There would have been no need to anticipate the problems of 1931-32.

Every year passed without an addition to our burdens gives the trade of the country a better chance to revive and its revenues to expand.

No need whatever

IT is my belief that we could, by strict economy and stable government, have got through this year without any new tax of any kind whatever.

But this prospect has been destroyed by the new and lavish expenditure of the Socialist Government, mainly upon the unemployed.

Nearly £20,000,000 of additional revenue has to be found to meet the fresh charges for which the new Ministers are responsible.

It is this £20,000,000, which would not have fallen upon us but for the change of Government, which is the sole cause of the Budget of Pains and Penalties which, I fear, lies before us.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

HIT HIM AGAIN—HE LIKES IT!

Amazons in Blue—Right Use of Wealth—Hanging on the Old Barbed Wire

Rt. Hon. MONTAGU NORMAN,
Chairman, Bank of England

DEAR SIR.—What does it all mean? High finance is such a secret magic (worse luck for the common man!) that no doubt you will be able to produce a formula which will explain the tremendous value of your new £26,000,000 company to provide the capital for the financing of rationalisation.

It seems a small sum. But there's plenty where that came from. Which provokes the query: Why couldn't your Bank—mis-styled the Bank of "England"—have found the money?

It does loan money. So do the other banks. So do insurance companies. Where's the marvellous difference?

Will industry feel so much more secure now? Or is it all eyewash? As the representative of the man in the street, I should rather like to know. JOHN BULL.

The Hon. Mr. Justice HUMPHREYS,
Leeds Assizes

YOUR LORDSHIP.—You are a wise and humane judge. You had the whole life of Edna Massey in your hands to make or to break. And you spared her. You had compassion. You said, "I am sorry for you." You gave her another chance.

The poor girl had a baby. The cowardly father remains hidden. Her mother was dying. The girl was in service. She did not want her employer to know.

And so, in her mad desperation, abandoned by the true culprit, absolutely alone, she killed the new-born baby.

It was a crime. But you had mercy. JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. LEES SMITH, M.P.,
Postmaster-General

DEAR POSTMASTER.—Your department, on the whole, is so sound a profit-maker that the tendency to judge things from too business-like a view point may become its chief fault.

Here is a bigger consideration than profit. Country districts where a doctor cannot be called by telephone show a noticeably higher death-rate than places with telephones.

To delay, for the sake of profit, the laying-down of a full service throughout the country would be a grave mistake.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. E. M. JOAD, B.A.,
26, Willow Road, Hampstead, N.W.

DEAR PROPHET JOAD.—How organised Christianity must shiver in its skin to hear you declare dogmatically that in a hundred years it will be dead.

Religion has been in as bad a way before, and, like the proverbial boxer, has come up smiling for another round.

Personally, I should like to have a little bet about it with you. Only it is possible that in A.D. 2030 we may not be on visiting terms.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HAY HALKETT,
Marylebone Police Court, London, W.

DEAR SIR.—A motorist was recently convicted by you of being drunk in charge of a car.

You complained bitterly that you had to suspend his licence automatically for a year as part of his punishment.

"It is not my fault," you protested. "It is the fault of Parliament."

Some of your colleagues on the Bench are admittedly unfair to motorists. Every one who comes before them is considered to be a monster and a brute.

But you cannot redress the balance of justice by being foolishly lenient to drunken men who persist in driving cars.

JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM MORRIS,
Cowley, Oxford

DEAR SIR WILLIAM.—I am rejoiced to see that you understand the responsibilities of wealth, and are giving away so large a part of the money you have so hardly earned.

Charities too many to be named in a short letter have benefited by your generosity.

Here is no watering of capital or the too-heavy reinvestment of savings—no grasping of the power that big money brings.

Yours is the large-hearted and the prudent way.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. LEWIS EDWARDS,
Squire of Bedding

SIR.—Have you forgotten that the members of the British Legion fought to preserve your precious land?

Apparently you have, for you put barbed wire round their new institute and, bravely mounted on horseback,

tried to prevent them getting their opening ceremony.

You failed, dismally.

No doubt you were legally entitled to claim your nominal shilling for your right of way; but what method of doing it!

Perhaps you have never heard of the song of the trenches about "hanging on the old barbed wire."

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

MR. JUSTICE MCCARDIE.—This is the cheapest place in the world to live in if you are willing to see your appearances.

Then why are rents in the slum areas so disproportionate?

DR. R. D. GILLESPIE.—I can easily bury a talent by the wrong career.

But what of those with talent who have no chance of a career?

OLIVER BALDWIN, M.P.—I have often had to decide between science and my Party during the last ten months.

Which won?

DR. D. LECHMERE ANDERSON.—From a strictly health point of view, the body must mind his neighbour's business as well as his own.

That is a bureaucrat's point of view.

The Sentence of the Court



HIS DEAR FRIEND the SLUM LANDLORD

WHEN asked how he pleaded to a charge of obstruction, Mr. E. M. Goldring launched into an impassioned discourse on the sacredness of building material, which was, however, cut short by the judge. "It would seem," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "that the Property Owners' Protection Association, of which the accused is secretary, favours 'protection' for property and 'free trade' in disease."

For the new Slum Clearance Bill, generally hailed as a sincere attempt to deal with a crying evil, has been attacked by the accused as 'confiscatory and disgraceful' and 'an attempt to legalise robbery.'

This outburst was inspired by the provision that compensation will be paid only on site values, a principle in which, of course, there is nothing new. "Even more comic is the statement of the accused that the Bill will 'penalise thrift,' for the thrift of the slum landlord has been practised mostly at the expense of his unfortunate tenants, and has taken the form of refusing to spend money on even the most necessary repairs."

Here, indeed, lies the crux of the whole matter; for if these areas had been kept in habitable condition, the necessity for clearing them at the expense of the community would not exist.

Mr. Strawsplinter urged that when an area was cleared, well-kept property would be swept away along with the ill-kept, and good landlords suffer with bad. And most of the property-owners, as Mr. Goldring had pointed out, were "small men."

"There may be, even in the worst areas," said Mr. Justice Bull, "a few properties which testify to the decency of their owners. But the presence of a few white sheep cannot be used to

bolster fictitious claims on behalf of a flock of black ones.

Besides, the Bill contains a specific provision to allow for additional payment in cases of special hardship.

To suggest that most property owners are 'small men' is sheer nonsense, and merely represents an attempt to invest with

pathos an argument primarily to secure for large holders of property compensation to which no more entitled than was the proprietor of a house of ill-repute had been ruined by

As secretary of the Property Owners' Protection Association, the accused, of course, has certain duties which seem to me that the association well show more discretion.

The Automobile Association, in safeguarding the interests of motorists, holds no brief for the road-kill; then, should this association whose members are, presumably, landlords, show such tender concern for the slum-hog?

Considering what the slum areas already cost us in death, disease, the slumlords, far from being entitled to compensation, are a calculable sum in compensation to the community.

To indicate my estimate of the frivolous objections the slumlords urged against a serious reform, I will impose a derisive fine of 2d. on each slumlord who will probably have to pay from his pocket, since those whom he will not willingly part with this amount."



Mr. WM. RANDOLPH HEARST,
Riverside Drive, New York

SIR.—I am delighted to hear that you have "found Mr. Ramsay MacDonald out." And so will he be. He must have been as uncomfortable as I was when you praised him last October.

Fervent in his endeavour to secure peace, he must have been horrified to find that you thought him a softy, who would meekly surrender Britain's security.

Now you know him better. And you accuse him boldly (or shall I say "brazenly"?) of trying to create a "pacifistic" sentiment in the United States.

Splendid! So you are all for war, are you, Mr. William Randolph? Only you want to meet Britain on unequal terms?

We have always known you for the enemy of Britain. We have always known you as an inveterate political intriguer. And now you reveal yourself clearly as the friend of war—the enemy of your heart's desire being us!

From such a man the description of our Premier as a "sly, smooth, and tricky diplomatist" is the choicest praise. Hit him again. He likes it!

JOHN BULL.

Sir C. W. R. ROYDS, K.B.E.,
Deputy-Commissioner of Police

DEAR SIR.—I know well the valuable work achieved by women police in an appropriate but restricted sphere. It is the more regrettable, therefore, that they should recently have been employed in a task for which they were obviously unsuited.

The assault alleged to have been committed upon one of them after effecting an arrest should convey its lesson, and I trust the experiment, if experiment it was, will not be repeated.

It is undesirable, from many points of view, that women police when in plain clothes should attempt to arrest men.

JOHN BULL.

POLICE CORRUPTION —THE TRUTH

MR. JUSTICE HUMPHREYS is so fair and so experienced a judge that when he "lets himself go" we know that the occasion warrants it.

He let himself go at Sheffield the other day when he declared that the police of the Brightside division of that city were "rotten to the core." Not only so, but they had been rotten to the core for years.

The ground for this terrific indictment was open and flagrant. It was not the police who were in the dock. It was a bookmaker, charged with bribing the police.

But the evidence went to show that the bookmaker was more sinned against than sinning.

It is true that he paid the bribe; but he paid it as a part of a levy made by the police. They did not succumb to temptation. They imposed tribute on the tribe.

Blue blackmail

If the bookmakers paid this tribute they had the free run of the streets to carry on their illegal operations. If they did not pay they might as well go out of business.

And this was not an occasional matter. It was a system, an organised conspiracy into which every young policeman who came into the division was enrolled and the profits of which he had his share.

It was a conspiracy to levy blackmail—the bookmaker blackmailed by the police.

No fewer than eleven policemen went into the box, one after the other, to admit that they had been in the habit of receiving a regular income from bookmakers as the price of betraying their trust.

We have only touched the fringe of this revelation, but already it has proved that public concern in regard to the police of the country which has hardly yet recovered from the disclosures of the Goddard case.

If the Sheffield police are "rotten to the core," are they exceptional or are they representative? Are we to assume that Sheffield has a monopoly of the black sheep, or is it that they have only had the misfortune to be found out?

Just simple men

I am no more desirous than Mr. Justice Humphreys is to use this deplorable exposure in order to create widespread distrust of the police.

Taken in the mass, I believe we have the best police force in the world. Compared with the police of America, for example, they are a company of angels.

It is only fair, too, in the presence of a shock of this sort to remember the innumerable daily stories of their courageous performance of duties in lonely places, their helpfulness in emergencies, their good temper with crowds, their general loyalty to duty.

But they are not "miracles in blue."

They are, as Kipling says of Tommy Atkins, just simple men in helmets, "most remarkably like you."

But their calling compels us to demand from them a code of conduct that is above suspicion. They are at once our servants and our masters, and their calling exposes them to temptations that no other class of men is subjected to.

A corrupt railway service would be an evil, but not a public peril. But a corrupt police force is a menace to the very existence of society.

It is this fact that accounts for the extreme anxiety aroused by such disclosures as that at Sheffield. They are happily rare, and I think it may be said that they never apply to the county constabularies.

Occasional misdemeanours in these forces occur, of course, but in my experience I recall no instance of widespread corruption.

This danger is a danger of the cities where the force is concentrated, and where the vices and basenesses of society are more or less rampant.

Periodically this danger is revealed on a scale that shakes public confidence.

A generation ago it was Manchester whose force was discovered to be "rotten to the core"; a couple of years ago the Goddard case showed that the West End of London was poisoned by a conspiracy between the night clubs and the police; to-day it is Sheffield which is found to be the plague-spot of the police.

Clean gutters now?

The fact that the Sheffield scandal should follow so fast on the heels of the London scandal is especially disquieting. I think there can be no doubt that so far as London is concerned Lord Byng's broom has done much to clean up the stable.

It is not to be supposed that all is right even yet. Street bookmakers are still in evidence and so are the so-called "hotels" that figured so largely in the Goddard case.

But the position is enormously improved, and it was hoped that the effect of the storm had cleansed the atmosphere in the provinces also.

The Sheffield affair disposes of that comfortable impression, and leaves the suspicion that the corruption which has come to light there may be equally prevalent in similar centres.

It has been suggested to me that an incorruptible police force is not possible so long as a multitude of regulations exist, the breaking of which is not a menace to the community.

"A policeman," it is said, "will always find a loophole for his conscience when accepting a bribe where no real crime is involved. Should we not leave 'Dora' to the Civil Service and let the police concentrate on their proper functions?"

I think this is an evasion of the issue. I agree that our betting-laws are a



His
"terrific
indictment"

jumble of hypocrisies and inconsistencies, but the law is the law, and the policeman's function is to execute it.

It would never do to leave it to him to administer the law or not as he saw fit, and nothing is more certain than that policemen who are corrupt in their dealings with bookmakers will be equally untrustworthy in more serious connections.

There is more to be said for the idea that we need in our city police forces a stronger stiffening of a trained and educated class, similar to that of the Army and Navy commissioned ranks—men who have gone through a severe course at a police Sandhurst and come to their task with sharpened wits and tried character.

I know the objection to this and respect it. I would do nothing that closed the highest possibilities of the

Homely Wisdom—

by CANON R. J.

CAMPBELL, D.D.

NOT long ago I went some distance from my own home to preach for a clergyman who has been blind since youth. I got more good out of that visit than I took with me.

Part of the time was spent in the clergyman's home, and I was greatly surprised and impressed by what I found there.

Instead of a pathetic, drooping figure, who looked for and expected pity and attention, I found a man of strong, self-reliant character, who scarcely seemed to have a thought for himself.

The atmosphere of his home is sweet and gracious. His gentle wife sees to that; but not even she ventures to treat him as if he were handicapped in any way, though he makes free use of her eyes in place of his own.

It was hard to think of him as living in the dark, so alert was he, so un-murmuringly energetic, so keenly alive to all that was happening around him.

IN the course of conversation he would say: "I saw in the papers a few days ago that Sir John Simon expects the report of the India Commission to appear shortly"; or "I like to read Bishop Gore; he is as fresh as ever."

The day after I got home I received a letter of thanks from him, one sentence in which was: "I thought you were looking rather tired."

He "saw," "read," and thought his visitor "looking" tired.

How did he know all this without eyes? Partly, I suspect, by his highly

by
A. G.
Gardiner

police career to the naturally gifted ranker.

But the present arrangement effectually does that, and does it in the worst possible way. For it puts at the head of the force a man brought from another career altogether, and wholly ignorant of the elementary knowledge of the calling.

Lord Byng has been a success, as was Sir Wyndham Childs at the Special Branch. But of how many heads of the London police can that be said? Was Warren a success? Or Vincent? Or any one of half a dozen that I can recall?

Would it not be far better that the police career should be made attractive to the best minds at our command—as attractive as the Army or Navy—and that men should be trained as definitely for the higher departments of the service as they are for any other profession?

Why should it be assumed that the policeman's calling is the only one that can be left to luck and requires no special aptitude or training?

My system

I would have a police Sandhurst and a system of scholarships which would attract the ambitious and adventurous youth into the service with the assurance that there was a certain career ahead.

This would not prevent any able ranker from coming to the top, and it would secure to the police force of the country a stiffening of the best material that the country has to offer.

Such a system would provide the best security we can have against the recurrence of the periodical scandals in relation to the police force.

A BRAVE Blind Man

cultivated sensibility and deep interest in others and in life in general, and partly by making use of his wife's faculty of kindly observation.

I am certain that he does not think of himself as an abnormal person or the victim of a sad affliction.

His company is a tonic to anyone who needs cheering up—and still more perhaps to anyone who needs shaking up. Drifters and grumblers would get short shrift from him.

WHAT is the secret of this real triumph over physical infirmity—for that is what it is?

The answer is that this man's life is inspired and governed all the time by a purpose that looks beyond himself and his feelings and interests.

He is not preoccupied with himself at all, but with what he can do for other people in the sphere where his lot is cast.

This is a magic talisman, reader, for fortifying character against fate. Have a worthy purpose in life and you can rise superior to most disadvantages.

A steady purpose pulls a man together, takes him out of himself, prevents him from being torn this way and that by undisciplined passion, builds personality and develops power.

A fretful, complaining, petulant habit of mind does the opposite; it lets life run to waste.

There are few adversities that cannot be overcome by a stout heart and an unselfish spirit.



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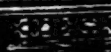
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WOMAN White- Elephant TOUT

WHILE heather is an emblem of good luck, but it has certainly not proved lucky for a number of people who have had dealings with a fascinating Scots-woman named Mrs. Elizabeth Rowan, of Cromwell Road, Teddington.

Until recently Mrs. Rowan, who is plausibility personified, cut a fine figure in London business circles.

At the moment she is being anxiously sought by various dupes who were inveigled by her charm and business acumen into a most impudent scheme.

Her methods are fully revealed in her association with a widow who is the daughter of a former American millionaire, and who has latterly been living in reduced circumstances at an address in Richmond, Surrey.

This widow has herself latterly been very much in the limelight.

She was recently arrested as the outcome of a visit to Harrods' Stores, where she attempted to obtain a gold cigarette-case worth £30 by false pretence.

A woman victim

She had signed for this article in the name of a credit customer who had given her no authority to pledge her credit.

For giving a false name and address, she was remanded for fourteen days in custody, after which she was placed on probation, for a year, by Mr. Gill at Westminster Police-court.

It so happens that she was one of several people who, knowing little of the resourceful Mrs. Rowan, but impressed by her personality, introduced her to others with capital available for speculation.

To all those to whom she was thus introduced Mrs. Rowan represented herself as an advertising specialist, with experience in many commercial spheres.

Her story was that she possessed influential connections with many of the leading London stores, including Harrods, Whiteleys, and Selfridges.

She also professed to have facilities for obtaining inside information about the placing of consignments of goods at bargain prices.

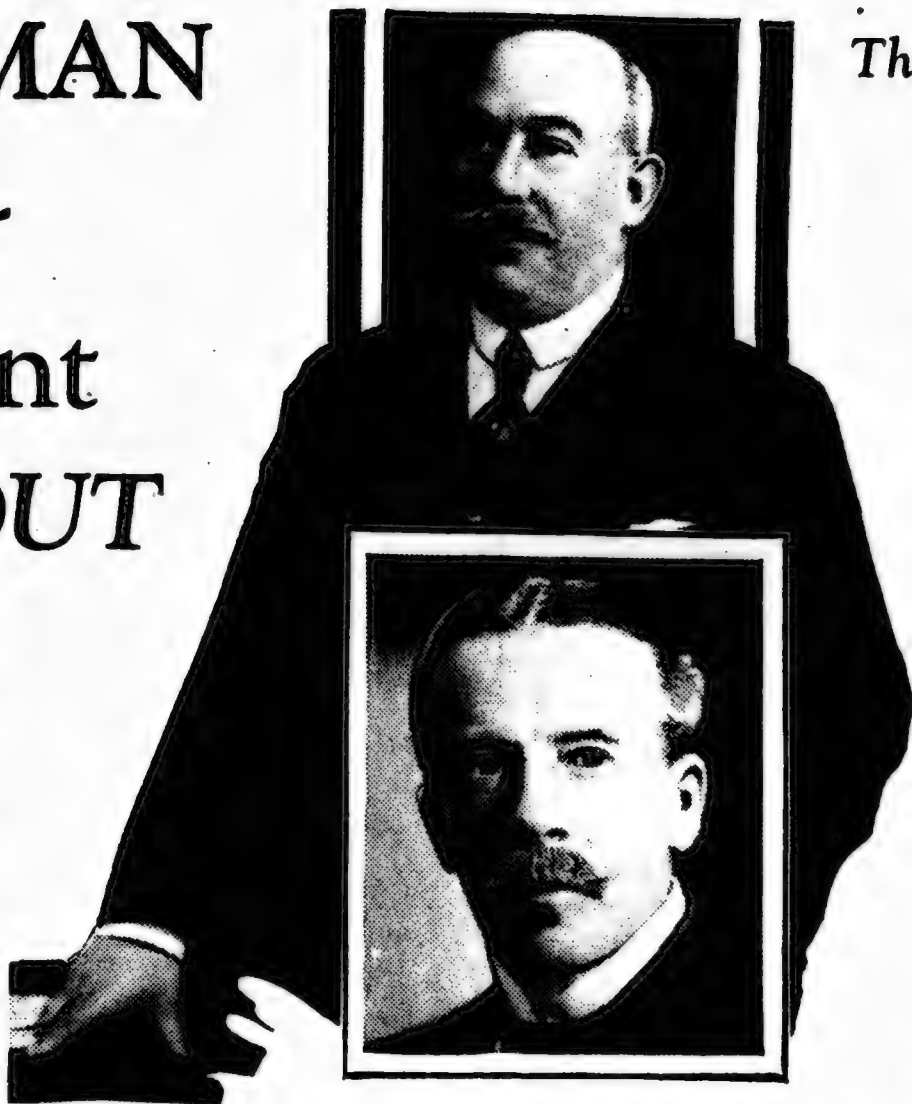
Credentials she produced seemed to bear out her statements, and she convinced that the owners of these goods preferred to sell through her agency rather than direct to the stores because of her ability to get better prices.

Tall stories

She also told engaging stories of the quick profits she had reaped in previous transactions of this character, in which she had disposed of huge quantities of such miscellaneous goods as silks, furs, boots, chairs, linen, perfume and leather coats.

The experience of one of the numerous people upon whom she has imposed her striking testimony to her gifts of eloquence and acting.

She approached this client a few months ago and explained that she



Mrs. Elizabeth Rowan's misuse of the name of Harrods has caused intense annoyance to its chairman, Sir Woodman Burbidge

Mr. Gill, the Westminster magistrate

had just learnt from a confidential source that a large consignment of eau de Cologne was lying at the docks because the owner could not pay the Customs duty.

If she could raise sufficient cash to get a portion of the stock released she knew that she could dispose of it immediately to one of the big stores at a good profit which, in turn, could be utilised to secure the release of the balance.

The ultimate profits would, of course, be very considerable.

This person was thus prevailed upon to advance £300, and in due course was delighted to receive a cheque from Mrs. Rowan, purporting to be a first share of the profits.

Having inspired confidence in this way, Mrs. Rowan next confided that she knew of yet another splendid opportunity in which satisfying profits could be realised by quick action.

One long whirl

A foreigner in the East End, she declared, had some splendid Japanese shawls and silken goods for disposal quite legitimately, but again she would have to be the intermediate buyer, as this man was unknown to any of the big stores.

To bring off this deal she would have to raise £500, but she could promise a profit of at least £250.

Again a cheque changed hands, and again part of the promised profits was soon paid.

All the time Mrs. Rowan seemed to be working with breathless activity, and made a habit of touring London and the suburbs in a car driven by a chauffeur, to "keep in touch" with her many transactions.

But presently she began to default, and while her deals grew financially larger, the incoming profits began to dwindle alarmingly.

To-day this particular client is more than £1,500 the poorer.

Numerous other people are similarly situated, and, to our certain knowledge,

something like £5,000 is involved in claims lodged against her by people to whom she has sold "white elephants."

The fact that one of her victims, who has parted with £400, holds an important official post in a famous bank says much for her amazing powers of persuasion.

Recently, when she was becoming rather elusive and her cheques were being frequently dishonoured, two angry investors hustled her into a car and thence to an office where they demanded an explanation.

The result was that it speedily became clear that some of her highly-coloured stories had been largely fabrications and that she had been using Peter's money to pay Paul.

NO GOLD in this GALLEON

THE other day a man in a hurry stepped into the offices of a well-known firm of literary-agents. He demanded to see the head of the department dealing with film scenarios and stories suitable for making into films.

When told that "she" would see him, he was at first a little impatient of doing business with a woman, but with a resigned air he at length agreed.

To this woman he announced himself as Mr. Cecil Court, of the Golden Galleon Film Co. of Monaco.

He explained that he was the scenario editor and production manager of this company, and he was in England to make extensive purchases, and among them film rights for literary material.

He hinted that the company's resources were very large and that it was about to commence production in a very big way. A suite of offices had been engaged in London as its British headquarters, the address of which he gave.

Impressed by the visitor's air of quiet assurance and by the knowledge he displayed of certain film matters, the head of the department produced numerous manuscripts for his inspection.

The Mistress of the "Heather Bell"

With some of the money obtained in her inimitable fashion Mrs. Rowan opened a small bakery and café at Richmond, which she christened the "Heather Bell," and actually decorated profusely with heather.

One of her creditors recently seized this for debt, and numerous others who have supplied goods on credit or advanced her money now realise that all the heather in the world will not produce luck enough to bring them any return.

Still rushing

One of the worst victims is the manager of a suburban shop where she had been a customer.

She rushed in to him one day and, saying that an urgent consignment of goods had been delivered at her café for which she must pay cash, induced him to cash a cheque for £50, which she made out there and then upon an ordinary slip of paper.

This cheque, like so many others, was worthless.

Mrs. Rowan was well aware that she was obtaining money fraudulently, as her banker had already informed her that he had closed her account because it had been so irregularly conducted.

Now, with her various "backers" and creditors eagerly seeking her, Mrs. Rowan has grown more elusive than ever.

We think it is time the police followed her audacious exploits, particularly as we issued a warning against her a year ago over another matter.

She was then running a door-to-door advertising campaign in the provinces, engaging a number of girl canvassers and leaving them stranded without their salaries.

When, after parting with their money, some of her present victims heard belatedly of our warning and taxed her with it, she calmly declared that we had been compelled to apologise and to pay her damages.

This is only another of her flagrant falsehoods.

She and her husband certainly called at our office, but, being unable to refute any of our charges, were politely but firmly bowed out.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowan is clearly a clever but dangerous woman.

All of them were by well-known authors and most of them were unpublished. He picked and chose amongst them very critically, and eventually selected about half a dozen, asking if he could take them away to examine at leisure.

The woman agreed and, taking four of them, he left, requesting that the others be sent on to his offices.

The firm in question is now very anxious to get in touch with Mr. Cecil Court again, because since the day of his visit it has seen neither him nor its manuscripts.

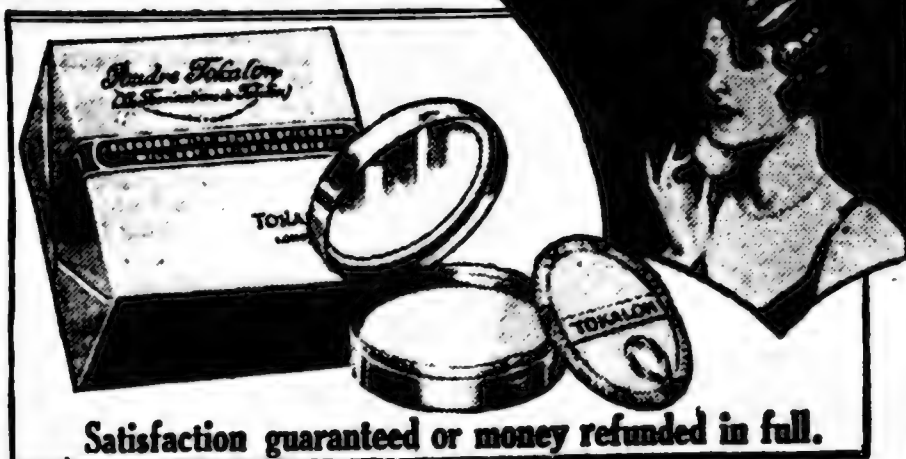
We have made enquiries at the Oxford Street address which he gave, and find he is not known there, and our enquiries among the trade revealed that the Golden Galleon Film Co. is as mythical as its name.

In two cases at least some inconvenience and hardship are inflicted on the writers concerned, since the manuscripts were originals and no copies are in existence.

Mr. Court may possibly attempt to unload his golden galleon's stolen cargo on the buyers of some established film concern. If he does we hope he will get a warm reception.

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Readers' attention is drawn to the following 3 Special Offers

- P. 22. Free Booklet by the National Society.
- P. 23. Free Furnishing Catalogue by Furnishing Co.
- P. 27. Free Entry Form for free Telephone.
- P. 31. Free Gift List by Nestles.

DANGEROUS Honeymoon Duo

FOR sheer novelty and enterprise we have encountered nothing to equal the exploits of a pair of touring tricksters who literally believe in making their partnership one long honeymoon.

But, unlike most honeymoon couples, they do not mind advertising the fact that they are "just married."

As Mr. and Mrs. J. Carr, they recently descended upon Torquay, having previously written from an address in the West End of London to notify a hotel proprietor, with surprising candour, that they were newly married and intended to spend a brief honeymoon at his establishment.

A suite was accordingly reserved for the happy pair, whose arrival naturally occasioned no small interest.

They proved to be a smart young couple, with blatantly new attire. The woman, radiant pretty, and only twenty-three or twenty-four, had all the diffidence of a blushing bride.

Fond—and farewell

The man, equally youthful, was as painfully attentive to her wants as might be expected of a bridegroom.

During the days that followed, interesting-looking parcels were constantly being delivered at their suite. Some, they confided to the management, contained wedding-presents.

They went about a great deal, and if they lived on rather an extravagant scale, nothing was thought of it. They were honeymooning.

Then, without warning, the newly-weds decamped.

Their formidable bill was forwarded to their London address, only to be returned with the startling tidings that they were unknown there except that numerous anxious enquiries had been received from other sources.

Bank bilked

Shortly after that the hotel management began to be troubled with complaints from Torquay shopkeepers at whose premises Mr. and Mrs. J. Carr had made extensive purchases, paying with cheques that had subsequently been dishonoured.

More startling still was the discovery that a local bank had been defrauded by Mr. J. Carr who, intimating that he was about to open a business in Torquay, had paid in a cheque drawn upon a Bournemouth bank in order to start an account.

He had thus got away with a full book of cheques before the one he had paid in was returned dishonoured.

All the cheques passed in Torquay were drawn on a Bournemouth bank, having been taken from a book stolen from a visitor's room in an hotel at which the honeymooners had stayed as Mr. and Mrs. Mallett.

This former honeymoon had ended suddenly with their secret departure and omission to pay their bills; but instead of leaving Bournemouth immediately they had had the effrontery to

put up for a while at a second hotel.

Here they dropped their honeymoon role, and Mr. Mallett registered as a commercial traveller.

They certainly commercialised their stay, for they paid no bills and eventually vanished with everything of value they could pocket.

Just as the cheques acquired in Bournemouth were scattered liberally in Torquay, so the cheques acquired from the bank there have been disposed of during subsequent "honeymoon" trips in various coastal towns.

In recent weeks they have paid fleeting visits to Weston-super-Mare, Scarborough, Bognor, Hastings, Chichester, Exeter and Folkestone, always posing as a honeymoon couple.

At Folkestone, particularly, shopkeepers seem to have suffered very heavily, for the light-hearted couple, passing for that occasion as Mr. and Mrs. James, took the opportunity of replenishing their wardrobes.

They spent an entire morning in a local shoe-shop, making extensive purchases.

As usual, they tendered a cheque in payment and had the goods sent up to the hotel at which they were staying.

Before leaving Folkestone, young Mr. James generously took his "bride" to a jeweller's and allowed her to select a handsome diamond ring "regardless of cost."

Once again the inimitable acting of the pair allayed all suspicion, and a cheque was accepted on the strength of Mr. James' assurance that they would be staying at their hotel for another ten days at least.

At Winchester, only a few days ago, in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Graham, the pair brought off a further coup.



"They did not mind advertising—"

They stayed at a good-class hotel, and before absconding without settling their account rifled several rooms.

Local tradespeople, as usual, were defrauded.

At one time or another this dangerous couple have passed, in addition to the names we have already given, as Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Eaton, and the people they have victimised can now be numbered by the score.

Although their never-ending honeymoon has so far been one long success, the sooner they are "divorced" the better it will be for society.

Clever Girl RUINED—

ONE day last week the Queen visited the Elizabeth Fry Girls' Home in Highbury, London. A few hours before Her Majesty went to the institution there had been taken into it, under police escort, a sixteen-year-old Wimbledon girl, named Marjorie Ashford.

If the Queen had been told under what conditions Marjorie was being detained, we are convinced she would have made a protest which would have led to the girl's immediate release.

Marjorie was brought up in an excellent family, was given a first-class education, had a spotless record, and, because of her skill as an artist, was being trained as a gown designer.

For some months past she had been serving the first part of her apprenticeship in a West End shop.

One morning recently her employer left the premises for an hour. When he returned he declared that a £1 note was missing, and accused Marjorie of the theft.

She denied the charge, agreed that a detective should be sent for, and submitted herself and her property to police inspection.

The detective took her coat from the cloakroom, and under the broken lining of the fur-collar found a £1 note. The girl protested that she had not put it there.

Marjorie's mother spoke of her as a straightforward, quiet girl.

But Mr. Dummett, the magistrate at Marlborough Street, considered the evidence sufficient to convict and to deprive Marjorie Ashford of her liberty for a year.

There were some remarkable features of the trial to which we must call attention.



"Miss Ashford had a spotless record"

The story told by Miss Ashford in the witness-box, accounting for her movements during the hour when the £1 was alleged to have been stolen, was to the effect that she had been sent away by another assistant for twenty minutes to an upstairs workroom on a certain enquiry.

She thought the errand was a strange one because she believed that the information required could have been obtained from a stock-book in her own department.

Mr. Dummett stopped the case for a time until the employee Miss Ashford stated had sent her on the message was brought to the court.

—by a Legal Blunder

When this witness arrived she denied that she had sent Marjorie upstairs. She further declared that she herself had gone to make the enquiry and was absent for fifteen minutes.

There was only one method to settle such a conflict of evidence. It was to call the workroom manageress, and ask her who came to her with the enquiry.

Mr. Dummett, however, did not do so.

He ordered the case to be adjourned for a week so that he could deal with Marjorie coolly before passing sentence.

Before the case was heard again, the workroom manageress decided to intervene. She is a Miss A. W. Campbell, a Scotswoman, who has had twenty years' experience with the principal British firms in the gown trade.

Miss Campbell attended the next hearing, and counsel asked that her evidence should be heard.

Mr. Dummett refused on the ground that he had convicted Marjorie and that it did not matter whether she went upstairs or not.

If the view expressed by Mr. Dummett was correct that the girl had

endeavoured to throw the blame on innocent people, he was justified in passing severe strictures.

But before coming to such a conclusion, surely, even if it meant stretching a point, he might have heard the evidence of Miss Campbell.

Many of the worst characters from London's underworld appear at Marlborough Street. Yet the magistrate declared that Marjorie's case showed in some respect a worse criminal condition of mind than the big majority of people who came before him.

He also said that the girl had stolen many other notes and a good deal of money from her employer. There had, apparently, been other instances of theft, but Marjorie was not accused of these.

He passed the stiff sentence of one year's detention in an institution, and told her that if there was any disobedience she would be transferred to Borstal for some years.

Marjorie's widowed mother was unable to find £50 to finance an appeal against the conviction.

We look to the Home Secretary to act, and restore to Marjorie Ashford her freedom.

A SUCCESS WITHOUT PARALLEL IN NEWSPAPER HISTORY!



THE NEW
**DAILY
HERALD**

£10,000 FREE FAMILY INSURANCE

A TOWN OF Starving Cripples

"He has done his best"—Sir Gilbert Garnsey, the liquidator

The shattered 900 have a fine champion in Mr. W. H. Mainwaring, the Rhondda Miners' Agent

There cannot be anywhere a more tragic illustration of the human scrap-heap of industrialism than one to be found to-day in the Rhondda Valley of South Wales.

In the distance of a mile or two around Tonypandy there are 900 maimed and broken coal-miners.

That fact in itself is not remarkable in a district where 5,000 out of 30,000 mine-workers are so disabled every year that compensation has to be paid for their injuries.

But it is astonishing and scandalous that not one of these pitiable 900 or their many dependants has had a penny of compensation for nearly eighteen months.

They are a battalion of cripples grappled by starvation. Their wives cannot conceal the ravages of poverty and want, and their children have become miserable things to whom tattered clothes and gaping boots are Sunday best.

More creditors!

It is incredible that men robbed of their skill and strength and power of livelihood by the swift terrors of the pit should have to endure this other agony in a country which boasts that its provisions for workmen's compensation are unsurpassed in the social services of the world.

The circumstances in which this appalling state of affairs has become possible are even more incredible.

All the 900 men were at some time in the past thirty years miners in one of four great Mid-Rhondda collieries forming the Cambrian combine—the Glamorgan, Naval, Britannic and Cambrian, which between them employed more than 12,000 workers.

In November, 1928, because of trade depression and severe losses, this group went into voluntary liquidation.

From that date the payment of all compensation ceased. The men whose bodies had been broken in the fight for coal became mere creditors with a second claim on what assets could be realised.

Not insured

One of the most amazing aspects of the coal industry has been revealed by the plight to which these helpless 900 men and their families have been so disgracefully reduced.

It is that most of the British colliery-owners do not insure their work-people against accident, but prefer to meet compensation claims from ordinary revenue.

This is an extraordinary fact in an industry which has to pay £3,250,000 yearly in compensation—one-half of

the total for the seven basic industries of this country.

Colliery insurance is practically limited to cover the deaths of three or more miners in one accident, so that in practice only disaster by explosion is covered.

Therefore, when a coal-owner or company becomes bankrupt or insolvent, or for other reasons goes out of business, the men who have been shattered become so many derelicts.

No matter how severe their disablement and incapacity to follow employment may be, or even if their weekly compensation has been fixed by the King's judges, they must line up with the other creditors, debenture-holders and the like, and take a chance of

something being salvaged from the wreck.

Sir Gilbert Garnsey, the eminent accountant, has been the liquidator in this case. He cannot be blamed in any way for the eighteen months of suffering endured by this large number of stricken people.

He has done his best, we are satisfied, to demolish the cumbrous obstacles that for this long period have barred so many families from receiving a penny-piece of income.

On the basis of commutation of their compensation from the proceeds of the liquidation, the crippled 900 are entitled to receive lump-sum payments up to more than £1,000 each in the worst cases.

CRUEL RAMP on the POOR

A WEEK or two ago a paragraph appeared in these pages warning readers against an offer of home-employment emanating from the C. H. Curtis Publicity Service, of New Oxford Street, London.

Prior to this, letters had poured in to my department from all parts of the country asking for advice regarding this particular offer, and every individual enquirer was warned by letter to leave it severely alone.

It will be both helpful and interesting if I give some details relating to the full investigation involved in this case and reveal the pitfall from which a large section of the public has just been saved.

A blind

The C. H. Curtis Publicity Service opened its campaign by advertising extensively in provincial newspapers for "office clerks of either sex."

Some idea of the widespread nature of its campaign may be gathered when I say that my department alone has received enquiries from Lancashire, Devon, Yorkshire and Warwickshire.

Every applicant received an impressive circular letter, which, judging from the quality of the paper, must have cost a pretty penny to produce.

This circular letter announced that the C. H. Curtis Publicity Service had agencies in Paris, Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, New York and Chicago, and that it undertook every kind of modern publicity.

Briefly, it claimed to have contracts with companies in various countries for envelope-addressing, and expressed a readiness to engage home-workers on liberal terms of remuneration, or, alternatively, to employ them in its own office.

The latter offer was a mere blind to inspire confidence, for, obviously, if it really wanted office-workers in London it would not seek them

in towns hundreds of miles distant.

Those desirous of taking up the home-employment were informed that they would be held responsible for directories, lists and stationery that would be supplied to them, and that it would be incumbent upon them to send a deposit of £1 5s. as "security."

Now for the truth!

The C. H. Curtis Publicity Service was the trading alias of a plausible Dutchman, who rented the office in New Oxford Street only about a month ago, and whose tenancy lasted barely three weeks.

During that time, however, applications for work poured in from all quarters, his mail growing heavier every day.

Then he disappeared as suddenly as he had come, leaving only a litter of rubbish behind him.

Many victims

I do not know how many poor unemployed men and women have thus been defrauded of hard-earned savings; but I understand that the police have since been overwhelmed with complaints, which indicate that this absconding rogue's collective haul must have been very considerable.

What a pity there are still people who do not read JOHN BULL!



Weekly
Informations
from

SIR
WYNDHAM
CHILDS

But none of the money has been forthcoming. The only hope many of these maimed men had for the future was to invest the money due to them in small business ventures.

Opportunities to do so have been lost. Worse still, long months of privation and want and the torture of watching wives and children suffer have further enfeebled their health.

These men, before being incapacitated, were of the most independent type. In times of lock-out, strike and unemployment they abhorred the idea of seeking parochial relief.

Mines—but not men

Now they have been driven to ask help from public funds. And when they do receive the money of which they have been deprived so long, much of it will disappear in payment of tradesmen's bills, arrears of rent and refunds which the poor-law authorities can claim.

A singular feature of this distress is that practically the entire share capital of the four collieries was held by the £15,000,000 company of Messrs. Guest, Keen and Nettlefolds, Ltd.

This firm bought back the collieries soon after the liquidation—free, of course, of debt and the claims of the crippled workers—and has since merged them in the new £10,000,000 combine known as the Welsh Associated Collieries.

It surely would not be too much if a concern with such resources volunteered to meet the liabilities which these wretched men and their dependants have been compelled to incur with the only alternatives of entering the workhouse or enduring starvation.

Legion of sorrows

No more harrowing pilgrimage could be made in Britain to-day than a house-to-house visitation of the victims of this industrial tragedy.

The womenfolk of the community are in despair from cruel privation, and the misery brought to babies and children is heartrending.

The men who were the bread-winners of these families before they were mutilated in the mines are the worst examples of the wreckage of industry.

Many are limbless, others have fractured skulls, dozens are spinal cases who have to be wheeled in chairs, and numbers are blind from myasthenia, the terrible eye-disease which is contracted in the darkness of the pits.

In their physical distress they have had to suffer hunger and poverty—because coal-owners are not by law compelled to insure against the maiming of the men who fetch the coal.

PACKING FOR EASTER

Don't run short of your Favourites
this Easter. Player's in 50 Flat Tins
are just right for the pocket.

*Player's
please*



Flat Pocket Tin
50 for 2/6



MCC 141

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Quick Relief from Pains and Aches

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on the
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MUSTARD OINTMENT

This clean, white ointment goes right down to the seat of the trouble—loosens the congestion, soothes away the soreness, gives you relief at once. More, it prevents serious complications, such as pneumonia and influenza.

At all Chemists.

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VEET
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A brilliantly luminous dial for time to time by day or night. The watch has a clock by which you can know a soft tickle. No larger ordinary watch. 1/- case. Guaranteed 24 hrs. or 1/- down weekly. (No extra)

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See's Luminous Watch. Tastefully designed case, plain or ornamental. Fully jewelled movement. Guaranteed 5 years. Free cut dial. Brilliantly luminous hands and figures. Turn-in round Chromium Plated Case. Leather or flexible metal strap. 12/6 post free or 1/6 down and 1/- weekly until paid. Cheaper 1/6 down weekly 10/- on same terms. DIRECT & MAIL TRADING CO. (LTD.), 101, MOOR STREET, BIRMINGHAM.



The Better DOLE!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

IT has long been a complaint of mine that the "dole" is, though useful and necessary, still a waste of money. It produces nothing.

It gives no work to anyone. It helps, indeed, to feed the very disease that brought it into being, for it decreases the terrible need of stopping the moral deterioration that is the worst feature of the scourge of enforced idleness.

It is true, we had a look at the problem of unemployment from an entirely new angle.

We have, I think, become a little obsessed by the term "Unemployment benefit." We cannot imagine money being used to pay a man unless he is out of a job.

Oh, yes, I know all about the insurance side of the "dole"; but let's forget that as well for the moment.

Startling angle

Let us suppose, in fact, that we could persuade Parliament to change the name of the "dole" from "Unemployment benefit" to "Employment grant"—and let us look at the problem of unemployment from that fresh and rather startling angle.

Whatever depressed industry you take, you will find that more money is actually being poured into it in the form of the "dole" than would suffice to put that industry on its feet if it was properly applied.

In Lancashire, where the cotton industry is slowly dying, nearly three times as much money is going in unemployment benefit as would set all the wheels spinning and all the looms running again.

Despite all the grandiloquent talk of rationalisation, combines and trustification, mills are closing down, mill-owners are begging for jobs as clerks,

and weavers by the thousand have woven no cloth for years.

There are long queues at the employment exchanges, long faces in thousands of homes, and long bills at hundreds of shops.

Yet all the time money in plenty is being poured into Lancashire; but it is not producing cotton goods. It is producing nothing but an intensification of despair.

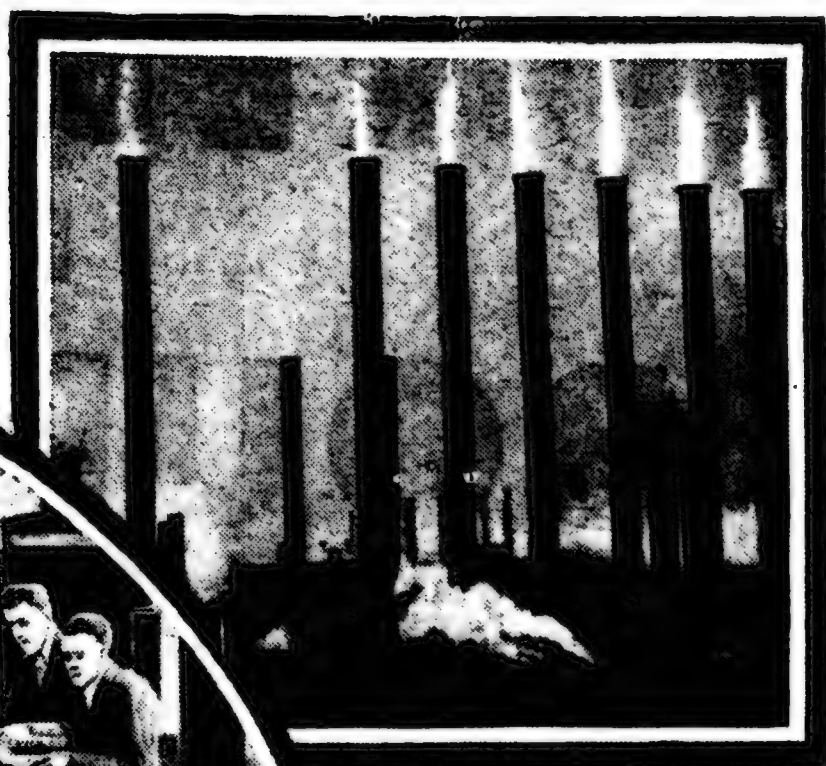
When you think of it in that way, it doesn't sound so sensible as we have been complacently thinking, does it?

The financial and political purists would no doubt hold up their hands in horror at the bare idea of making an employment grant—a subsidy, if you like—to cotton, or coal, or iron.

But why not? Does not France subsidise her wheat? Do we ourselves not subsidise housing and sugar-beet? And is sugar-beet more important than cotton and coal?

And the unemployed are getting the

Pay out the "dole" to—



—keep these candles of industry burning

village mill that has run for fifty years.

The books show that the margin between being able to run the mill and being forced to close it down is about £100 a week.

Let us see what this means. The mill has about a thousand looms and a certain amount of spinning.

The wages bill is £1,000, the fires consume 100 tons of coal a week, and the mill provides the Government with a revenue of £50 a week for national health and unemployment insurance stamps.

When the mill is running—let us just get these figures clear—the village gets £1,000 in wages, the colliers and railwaymen get and handle 100 tons of coal, and the Government gets £50 for stamps.

Absurd waste

When the mill stops none of these things will happen; and instead of getting £50 for stamps each week, the Government will be paying £300 in unemployment benefit.

Yet £100 a week (£5) of which would come back again in stamps, would be enough to keep the factory going, keep that bit of the export trade going, and allow £1,000 to be spent in the village instead of only £300.

There may be a catch in it somewhere, but I can't see it. It seems to me thoroughly sound common-sense.

And it is, at any rate, an entirely new approach to the unemployment problem that would, I fancy, repay the labour of examining it.

In a small way it was once done. Not so long ago a big Northern firm had to dispense with some thirty of its employees.

It did not wish them to idle their hearts out on the "dole," and it let it be known that if any other firm in the city could find them a job it would pay half their wages for two years.

Seize the idea

Within a week they were all hard at work and are still hard at work. The taxpayers' money was saved and thirty homes were saved from misery and despair.

There seems no very adequate reason why what this firm did on a small scale the Government should not do on a national scale.

It would be unprecedented, I grant you. What of it? Our unemployment problem is also unprecedented.

And anything, any method whatever, that offers even a hope of solution is worth all the attention Mr. Thomas can give it.

"dole" anyway: what does a name matter as long as the money is being paid out just the same?

The absurdity of the present position is all the more absurd when it is realised that the Government is perfectly willing to make employment grants to weavers and spinners and miners—provided they work at a different job.

That is the exact fact, for in many districts where mills and factories and mines have closed down the workers are being absorbed on road-building and other improvement schemes, and the Government pays 50 per cent. of the wages bill.

And meanwhile the looms are stopped and the wheels are still. Could anything be more absurd?

It would surely be better to pay this money to the millowner to repay as wages to his workpeople so as to work at their own jobs.

To do so would break through tradition and custom and trade union rule, and a thousand other barnacled relics—but unemployment is doing that every day, so why worry?

Work for nothing!

I have in front of me a report from an observer who has just been round Lancashire.

"At one factory," he says, "the operatives knew the end was coming. They held a meeting and volunteered to work without wages for a week."

"The factory master was touched. He thanked them, but shook his head. That sacrifice would not save his mill."

"His workpeople offered to go without wages for a month. He knew they could not possibly afford it, and again he declined their offer."

"Later he was approached by a deputation of his employees. They were willing not only to forgo their wages for a month, but also to mortgage their homes and furniture to provide capital for the mill."

"It would have helped, but the millowner could not accept it. He broke down and cried."

That is stark tragedy, and it is only one case. There are hundreds such. And now, since that mill is closed down, we are busy subsidising unemployment, whereas with half the money it is costing us we could have just as readily subsidised employment.

The whole of the de-rating scheme is nothing but a subsidy to industry. I cannot see why we cannot carry the idea a good deal further.

There is another Lancashire mill I know of that is going to close down—a

The Human Machine

Keeping Down to EARTH

ONE of the most important things in life is the power of original thought. It is also one of the rarest. The man who can really think is the man who can ultimately achieve.

It is rare to think, it is even rarer to think exactly. Even those who think tend to observe carelessly and think sloppily.

Take the first half-dozen men you meet and ask them to define even the simplest theory in which mankind believes—and you will almost inevitably get half a dozen widely varying definitions.

Most people use the powers of thought and speech to obscure truth, not to reveal it. The man who can really say what he means in such a simple and logical way as to convey his exact meaning to others is a rarity. If you don't believe this, listen to any politician.

"One may disbelieve in formulas," says Father Ronald Knox in his latest book "Caliban in Grub Street," "but that is no reason for getting the formulas wrong."

Nearly every dispute that disturbs the world has its origin in this carelessness. Ninety per cent. of ordinary everyday disagreements between individuals arise because we are not nearly careful enough to say what we mean in language that the other fellow can understand.

Mr. Thomas talks about the number of "man hours" that his unemployment schemes will use. Nobody knows what he means, and nobody cares very much. The net result is that nobody believes that Mr. Thomas is doing very much to alleviate unemployment—which is probably quite wrong.

We gain nothing by ponderous pomposity or deliberate obscurity in our dealings with others. The simpler we can be the better.

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Secret STATE INVENTIONS

Few people know that the fighting Services and some of the Public Services maintain large separate departments for their scientific, experimental and research work.

In the Estimates published each year a large sum of money is set aside for this purpose, the combined total being in the neighbourhood of £1,500,000 per annum.

They came into being during the war as a matter of stern necessity, but afterwards were reorganised and continued on a strictly bureaucratic basis.

We realise that research in matters of armaments and in civil progress is a vital matter. Yet certain aspects of the system employed are open to the strongest criticism.

ASTOUNDING revelations emerge from some of the minutes of evidence given before the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors.

For instance, it was stated therein that employees of some of these departments, whilst being public servants, were permitted to take out patents, and in one case at least dispose of them to a foreign country.

Unfair to everyone

Another point was that these departments had access to all patent specifications filed by outside inventors months before their publication, and that they could examine at their leisure any which were of interest to them without the inventor's knowledge or consent.

There is no need to stress the gross unfairness of such a procedure from the inventor's point of view.

The Commission on Awards to Inventors, which costs the nation about £4,000 each sitting, and before whom the inventor usually has to pay heavily to get his case heard, can almost be said to have been called into being by these bureaucratic science departments of the services.

The number of inventors who have been aggrieved by their treatment by the Services has made it necessary.

It is obviously unfair that these departments should be in a position to have prior knowledge of an invention on which they themselves are working.

And it becomes a grossly unsatisfactory position when it is learned that officials can exploit for their own gain knowledge which they may have acquired through their official powers.

The Admiralty bowed

That this position exists, and that the Admiralty tacitly recognises the risk involved to the inventor, is borne out by the experience of a world-known inventor.

The Admiralty being interested in a certain apparatus he had evolved, desired to test it under sea conditions. But the inventor was aware of the risks he ran. Politely or implicitly, he believed that he had been "had" once, and was not going to be "had" again.

He therefore stipulated that a special room was to be built on a warship in which his apparatus was to be installed for the test: that he and his staff were to be permitted to guard the apparatus night and day; that no Admiralty official was to be allowed near it during the time of the test.

The Admiralty accepted these humiliating conditions. The test was, incidentally, a success.

It is not generally known that England is the only country in the world where experimental research work is entirely in the hands of Government officials on a salaried basis, regardless of cost or time involved, and regardless of results.

Without exception, all other countries realise that research and experimental departments are costly luxuries.

Where there are special requirements, the details are given to the person who they feel

Scandal



Genius feels so small

will solve the problem. The policy is: no solution—no pay.

There is no evidence that this system is inferior in results to the method obtaining in this country.

There is, indeed, plenty of evidence to the contrary. Our departments merely slam the door in the inventor's face. While the secret departments work on in secret, outside inventors are compelled to place their valuable inventions in the hands of foreign nations.

An instance of this point is that of the well-known firm who perfected a highly important device.

It was aware that this device was badly needed, and it informed the Admiralty of the existence of its apparatus, and enquired if exclusive rights were desired.

It received a reply that "the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty do not desire to limit your freedom of action."

This reply acquires a strange significance when it is known that the Lords Commissioners have acted on the advice of officials who were secretly engaged on investigations on the very apparatus named, and who fully realised that if an outside inventor sold a completed apparatus their job would be gone.

Five years wasted

And then, as one of them frankly said in another connection, "what would become of the department?"

As it happened, these officials worked for five years on the problem without discovering a solution.

Why is it that in this country alone this work is to be undertaken by officials only?

We are informed that the work undertaken

is of such an important and confidential character that only officials can be trusted.

All these officials are "pledged to secrecy" and employed under the Defence of the Realm Act, and may not divulge any of their work under "severe penalty."

But are these secret departments so very "secret," and to what extent has any "close association" been made with civilian scientists; and what results have been achieved by the handing over of the needs of service to a watertight Government department?

Not a single result

For some time past we have accumulated a body of evidence which goes to show that this system has been almost completely sterile; that, further, it has stultified outside invention to an alarming extent, and that it has perpetrated the gravest injustices on individuals and firms of inventive endeavour.

Our conviction in this regard has been strengthened by a recent statement made to the *Times* by Sir Ambrose Fleming, F.R.S., the eminent physicist and inventor of the wireless valve.

In it he mentions that the Post Office has the longest record in bureaucratic control of experimental research of any Government department. Then he says:

"Let us then ask what return the possessors of this absolute monopoly (in telegraphy and telephony) have made in the way of fundamental inventive contributions to the art which they alone have the right to conduct for public use or large-scale experiments."

"The answer is: Absolutely nothing! No one can put his

finger on a single invention of primary importance in the art of electro-communication which has been made during the last fifty years by a Post Office electrician or official."

He then points out that all inventions have come from outside that body; and that, finally, the General Post Office had in most cases ignored or rejected new ideas until forced upon it by the current trend of events outside this country.

All outsiders

With regard to the similar departments in the fighting Services, nobody who casts his mind back to the war can fail to be reminded of an apparently similar position.

The "Mills" grenade, the "Hales" rifle-grenade, the "Stokes" and "Lewis" guns, the paravane, the gas-projector, and many other outstanding advances in the mechanics of warfare were all the work of outside inventors.

At no time and in no country has a bureaucratic control tended for progress.

In the field of invention it is obvious that such a system must be fatal; and we cannot resist wondering whether the £1,500,000 spent yearly on these departments might not yield better results if spent in aiding outside inventors.

Meanwhile, there is a growing volume of protest from civil inventors which cannot be ignored.

We think it full time that the Government should commence an impartial investigation into the work and methods of these secret departments, weighing costs and results, and comparing inventive achievement both inside and outside officialdom.

RACING—Behind the Doors

Sinews of the
Big Turf Battle



In search of "inside information." Shrewd judges watch an early morning "try-out"

They forget that if they do not make their courses sufficiently attractive the public will stay away.

The convenience of racing patrons is not sufficiently studied in this country.

Food is mediocre in quality and exorbitant in price; grand stands are grand only in name; when it rains paddocks and enclosures turn to muddy puddles.

Many of the refreshment-bars and luncheon and tea rooms are fit to be described only as barns, and the service given for the prices charged is shockingly bad and nasty.

Not all racecourse managements are so foolish as to neglect their patrons' comforts in this way.

Take Ascot, for example. In spite of big prizes and vast expenses, Ascot earns very considerable profits, and a large proportion is invested in improving the amenities of the course.

Seeking trouble

Some other racecourses ought to follow Ascot's example. If not, the directors will be left scratching their heads at the "inexplicable falling-off in the public interest in racing."

While most owners find it an expensive affair, fortunate or astute ones pile up a great many thousands of pounds in a few years.

Consider the case of an owner on a big scale, such as Lord Derby. He pays out in forfeits for horses entered for races, but which do not run, more than £12,000 a year.

True, his horses won stakes worth £34,314 in fifty-one races last year, but this large sum certainly nowhere nearly paid for the upkeep of his racing establishment.

RACING is the bread and butter of thousands, as well as the Sport of Kings. It has grown to be a most important British industry—as vital to our prosperity as many which advertise themselves as "among the staple industries of the country."

Nor is it a depressed industry. The flat-racing season which has just opened promises to be more successful than ever—except for the plunger and the ever-hopeful punter who insists on backing his fancy six days a week.

Owners, trainers, jockeys, bookies, course and totalisator officials, caterers—a whole army of men and women who live off racing, all look forward to the best summer since pre-war days.

Millions of pounds will change hands before flat-racing gives place to jumping next winter.

Race-meetings will be held this season on nearly fifty courses. Many of these are exceedingly valuable properties.

Paying the rates

Some are owned by companies which pay handsome dividends on their shares.

The capital involved in Sandown Park, for example, is £260,000. This sum returns a regular but modest dividend.

Kempton Park, on the other hand, has always kept its capital as low as possible.

In consequence, this course pays its lucky shareholders dividends often amounting to more than 20 per cent.

The courses at Doncaster, Chester and Yarmouth are owned and managed by the local municipalities, and their net profits are devoted to the relief of the town rates.

Most racecourse companies, however, need "rationalising."



A dozen Derby candidates rub shoulders on Epsom Downs before the great race

Yet Lord Derby's racing is conducted on the soundest business principles.

He is a breeder on a large scale, and though he mainly breeds for his own stable, he is the owner of several fashionable stallions, whose fees at several hundred guineas a time make up a nice round sum each year.

As to value, if Lord Derby's racing establishment were sold, the total sum changing hands would be about £1,000,000.

The Aga Khan maintains racing on the largest scale, not only in Britain, but also on the Continent. It is said that somehow or another His Highness makes it pay—or at least does not lose heavily over it all.

Certainly the



That "newer monster" of racing industry



The tic-tac man, the human semaphore of the racecourse



The glorious finale of lunch race

table



The stables: nurseries of a growing industry



Getting down to business in Tattersall's Ring

Unless such an owner bets luckily or picks up a wonderful horse far below its value, he is certain to lose money.

The real management of the 6,000 odd racehorses at present in training is not carried out by the owners. Professional trainers are in charge of this side of the industry.

A successful trainer on a large scale often makes a handsome fortune out of his profession. But even so his gains are not earned by the money he is paid for looking after the horses under his care.

Six pounds a week is the normal price a trainer charges for each horse in his charge, and not even Derby favourites pay very much more.

Like a champion

In return for this sum the horse is watched, exercised and trained with as much skill as that lavished on an English heavyweight boxing champion before he is sent in search of a world's title.

How does the trainer make both ends meet? In his line of business, like everyone else's, "nothing succeeds like success."

If his horses bring off the races they are expected to win, owners are not ungrateful. A handsome cheque comes along as the trainer's reward for all his months of hard work and anxiety.

The wages paid in training-stables to employees are not high, but they are living wages—especially as a large proportion of the men "live-in."

A head stable-lad receives about £6 a week, and the staff receives a bonus when one of its horses scores a victory.

Of course, trainers—and their staffs—bet. Indeed they are about the only people who can bet with any degree of assurance.

But in the last resort, when the trainer has done his best, everything depends on the jockey. What does he draw out of the racing industry?

A winning jockey receives £5 5s. for each race, a losing jockey receives £3 3s., and if he leaves home, £1 a day expenses.

But we know that successful jockeys manage to live at the best hotels. Once again, it is the grateful owner who pays.

Having won a big bet on a race and a lot of flattering prestige into the bargain, he would be

Three famous jockeys—but not just yet!

churlish to forget the poor jockey. For winning a classic race any jockey can be sure of a present running into hundreds of pounds. In addition, a successful jockey can count on earning about £1,000 a year in retaining fees paid to him by owners who wish to have a first claim on his skilful services.

One of the most successful jockeys of recent years earned £15,000 to £20,000 a year for several seasons without any bother.

But he has spent all his money now. That is the worst of many turf-earned fortunes. It is "easy come, easy go."

The average jockey earns a very decent livelihood. He may have to work hard, and his career is a short one, but if he is clever and steady-going he may often retire from riding to the more profitable profession of trainer.

There are worse callings than that of jockey. It is at least at the receiving and not the paying-out end of the racing industry.

And the bookmaker—more nonsense has been written about bookmakers' profits than any other single subject. "The book always wins" has grown to be just a parrot-cry.

Bookmakers' battle

Bookmaking is an overcrowded profession. Many a scallywag who can raise a little capital sets up as a bookmaker. His methods and his hangers-on earn the calling a shocking reputation.

Not one man in five who sets up as a bookmaker ultimately earns a living, let alone gathers a fortune from his book.

Many make a moderately good living. A number become rich. Their fair dealing and businesslike methods attract an enormous clientele.

Firms like Messrs. Ladbrooke and Co., Ltd., have a turnover of millions of pounds a year. Partners in such establishments are very wealthy men. But it requires a great amount of hard work, shrewdness and foresight to build up businesses of this kind.

A man who can really succeed as a bookmaker would have made a

career for himself in a dozen other professions.

Setting up a credit-making business is a difficult job in these days of competition. At least £20,000 of ready money is necessary at the outset.

There are so many "wrong-uns" anxious to patronise the newly-established bookmaker that only about one client in ten is worth encouraging.

During the first year's trading bad debts might well amount to 50 per cent. of all earnings.

And even when the bookmaker has weeded out all his doubtful accounts, he must still provide for a margin of anything up to 10 per cent. of irrecoverable debts.

And now the bookmaker is faced by that newer monster, the Totalisator, whose powers have still to be thoroughly tested in Britain.

The Racecourse Betting Control Board has sunk a huge sum in putting machines on some fifty courses, and more money will yet be required.

No more welshing

When there are fully mechanised "totes" on all courses and portable "totes" at the smaller meetings it will mean a great change in the racing industry.

It may mean disaster for a number of small course bookmakers—it will certainly mean the total abolishment of the welsher and the race-gangster.

But it is not at all certain that the "tote" will mean a reduction of the total sum which will ultimately pass through the bookmakers' hands.

It has been found in Australia and Africa that punters who win a good sum on the "tote" "play it up" in the ring.

The hardship incurred by the totalisator is that so many honest "small men" may be hard hit. Some attempt should be made to absorb these into the industry.

But what the public will watch with an eagle eye is that the profits from the "tote," whenever available, are in good measure diverted towards making the courses happy pleasure-grounds for the man in the street.

That was the promise. It must be fulfilled.



"I've got a hoss!" All race-gers know the tipster prince

£39,866 odd stake-money which his horses won in England during 1929 will not go very far to pay his racing expenses in 1930.

Owners on a smaller scale do no better at making their sport pay. One man with only half a dozen horses in training had to pay up £4,000 in forfeits last season.

Some small-scale owners occasionally "strike lucky." Last year's Derby went to Trigo, owned by Mr. W. Barnett, who was then almost literally a one-horse man.

Sir Hugo Hirst's Diolite is just now considered to be the best three-year-old in training, and is the present favourite for the next Derby. Yet Sir Hugo, who races on a modest scale, bought this prize for a couple of hundred guineas.

Most owners expect to spend money on their hobby. Merely for its keep, each horse costs about £300 a year, and much more for its entrance fees and other expenses.



You have only to light a Manikin to know for yourself just how different and more pleasantly satisfying Manikin flavour really is—It's a rich, fragrant flavour, smooth, matured and nutty.

Manikins are made for flavour—no frills—no useless ornaments—Flavour first and last. Hand rolling secures a perfect, even burn and brings out the character of the tobacco.

Buy a packet on your way home to-night—Any tobacconist will be delighted to supply you—10d. buys 5.

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J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

The London Sessions, where judge and jury waited in vain for this rogue



Mr. Vernon Gattie told the magistrate of the dire plight of Keeling Smith's victims

A PREDATORY Plus-Fours Man

We are not surprised that he is afraid to face the music, for enquiries we have since made show that he is a very dangerous rogue.

Many people have been duped in similar circumstances to those recounted above when he was operating on the south coast a little while back as Dowley and Co., of Brighton and Bournemouth.

At other times this man has passed in the aliases of "George Morley" and "Leyland Grant."

Until recently Keeling Smith was trading as Barclay and Sons, "Investment Brokers," with an address in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.

There he promised a "quick and private" service to those wishing to purchase businesses by easy instalments.

One client received a letter saying: "We shall be glad to act promptly and readily paid over £4 4s., which is termed the 'usual submission fee'."

A little later the client was asked for £8 15s. as the "usual commission."

Thereafter, delay followed delay, as the client saw no prospect of securing any business through Barclay and Son, he pressed for the return of his fees.

At first the firm was inclined to quibble, but when the client hinted at legal action it refunded £8 15s.

On several occasions Keeling Smith has been known to refund a portion of his spoils under pressure, but must be taken as indicating a desire to avoid trouble.

The same eagerness to avoid trouble at any cost has now prompted him to disappear while on bail.

ately concluded that the business was a flourishing one.

He informed Keeling Smith that he knew of a business that was being offered for £180, but that he, personally, was only able to put down £30 by way of deposit.

Keeling Smith generously declared that he would be able to find the balance all right, and the hairdresser parted with £22 10s.

As a fact, nothing ever was done, and although, under pressure, Keeling Smith has made certain small refunds, this client is still out of pocket.

Keeling Smith turned out to be a common swindler, and, with many complaints against him, was finally arrested and charged at Great Marlborough Street Police Court with obtaining money by false pretences.

Ultimately, he was committed for trial at the London Sessions, and, although there were four charges against him, was granted bail.

On the day appointed for the trial he did not appear, and the deputy-chairman, Mr. H. W. W. Wilberforce, had no alternative but to order a postponement.

George Keeling Smith had absconded.

WHERE is George Keeling Smith, who until recently occupied offices in Regent Street, London, W., but whose whereabouts to-day is a complete mystery.

Complaints have reached us from a surprising number of sources, and their general nature is typified in the experience of Mr. Frederick Barclay.

He got into touch with Smith in the first place through answering an advertisement offering businesses for sale on deferred payments.

Keeling Smith was then trading as Smithson and Co., "Business Brokers," and he offered Mr. Barclay a business in Southampton, taking a preliminary fee of £5.

While the transaction was still pending, Keeling Smith waxed intimate, and suggested to Mr. Barclay that it would be worth his while to accept a branch managership under Smithson and Co., in the City of London.

Unfortunately, Mr. Barclay believed that the proposition was a genuine one, and he accordingly deposited £145 with Keeling Smith.

It was not long before he discovered that there was absolutely no business to justify the existence of a City branch, so he forthwith demanded the return of his money. He was unsuccessful.

In another instance, a hairdresser who was anxious to acquire a business was greatly impressed when introduced to Keeling Smith.

He found him to be a smart young man in plus-fours, with a bagful of Treasury notes, and, seeing a long stream of waiting "clients," immedi-

Yet They Seemed Happy Then—!

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer had an easy task in 1913 compared with the Chancellor of 1930. In that pre-war year, he had to raise £184,000,000 in taxes; to-day he has to raise £300,000,000.

We paid in income-tax £43,902,000 in 1913; to-day we are paying £239,500,000, a six-fold increase.

People who earn enough to be charged for super-tax paid £3,339,000 in 1913, and £58,000,000 this year—an eighteen-fold increase—though it is only fair to add that super-tax in 1913 was collected on incomes above £5,000, and in this year above £2,000.

In death duties there was £27,185,000 paid in 1913, and £81,000,000 this year. A similar tale can be told of the duties that are collected on drinks.

On spirits the duties paid in 1913 amounted to £23,975,000; in the current year, with only half the quantity consumed in 1913, the duties come to £44,000,000.

In 1913 the sum collected in beer duties was £13,655,000; in this year it amounts to £79,000,000. Yet in 1913 we drank more than twice as much beer.

On table-waters we paid no taxes in pre-war days. In this year of grace we have paid £400,000.

To-day we are asked to pay no duty on tea; in 1913 we paid £5,499,000. On cocoa we pay to-day £720,000, compared with £341,000 in 1913.

Women smoke much to-day and help the Chancellor to balance his Budget. In 1913 the duty on tobacco brought in a revenue of £18,284,000. This year

it goes on more than three times to £60,000,000.

On sugar we paid duty amounting to £3,328,000 in 1913; this year we have paid £15,100,000.

There are countless things on which we must pay duty to-day, though paid not a farthing on them in 1913.

There are taxes on entertainment, oil and motor-cars, musical instruments, and mechanical lighters, watches, cinematograph-films, silk, artificial silk, buttons, pottery, embroidery, cutlery, gloves, wrapping paper, incandescent mantles, hollow ware.

In the aggregate, they give the Chancellor to-day about £32,500,000.

There is food for reflection when we consider that we pay four pounds a day for every pound we paid in 1913.



Why Jones never feels "slack"

HIS friends wonder why he is always alert—alive. He never seems to get jaded, even after a hard day's work.

The reason is—Wrigley's. Jones has found out that if you keep your mouth fresh, you feel fresh. And the pure, cool flavour of Wrigley's Chewing Gum refreshes the mouth as nothing else can. It removes all trace of eating, drinking or smoking. And sweetens the breath.

Wrigley's Chewing Gum—"after every meal"—is recommended by doctors and dentists. It aids digestion. It keeps the teeth cleansed. To fastidious people it commends itself as a simple rule of mouth hygiene—and of efficiency.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour—and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

Only 1d. a packet—but the finest quality money can buy.

British made by British workmen with Empire materials



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Mr. A. Dover, of Roehampton, writes: "Quick Quaker is just what I've always wanted - the 'no time' breakfast I call it because it takes so little time to prepare. I also find Quick Quaker a splendid help in resisting exposure and fatigue an important point in a job like mine, which involves being out in all weathers."

Every kind of active worker benefits from having a Quaker breakfast. It gives endurance - extra energy and vitality.

The world's finest oats, grown and ripened under sunny skies. Perfectly milled by a special process. The richest of all cereals. Rich in everything essential to health. Nature's own delicious "sunshine" breakfast.

**The quickest hot
breakfast - too**

It's the "no trouble" breakfast. Quick Quaker, ready in 3 or 4 minutes, makes the richest hot breakfast the quickest and easiest to prepare.

Two kinds - Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker. Both made in Canada. Sold at all grocers in two sizes - 4½d. and 9½d. per packet except in the Irish Free State.



**Quaker is the best
health assurance**

Q-17

TRAGEDIES of the SWEATED DOCTOR

EVERYONE knows that bad housing conditions and overcrowding foster disease of every kind; yet it is not realised that the poorer districts of our cities and larger towns are shamefully served with means of combating sickness as it arises.

It is an indisputable fact that the health of thousands of poor people - already sufficiently endangered by the very surroundings in which they are compelled to live - is further menaced by the tragic shortage of doctors, nurses and dispensers.

This was grimly illustrated the other day when an inquest was held at Hackney, London, E., on a young factory-girl named Grace Lillian Reneville, who had died in a local hospital within twenty minutes of her admission.

Death crept on

This poor girl, who had been ailing for some little time, was only fifteen years of age, and had been working for a City firm of cardboard box-makers since she left school a year or so ago.

It was revealed at the inquest that she was a victim of that dread scourge, tuberculosis, and although she had been repeatedly examined by doctors, the exact nature of her illness had never been correctly diagnosed.

Until last December it had been thought that she was in normal health.

A doctor who examined her at that time formed the opinion that Grace was suffering from a nervous breakdown; but although he saw the poor girl on several occasions, he did not consider that it was necessary for her to abandon her everyday work.

Week by week during January Grace was seen by one doctor or another, being taken eventually to the City of London Dispensary, near Finsbury Square.

The grossly overworked practitioner at this institution saw Grace on two further occasions, but had no time to examine her.

What is the explanation? How is it that these experienced doctors, who saw this child at a time when she was slowly but surely dying, could not arrive at a satisfactory diagnosis?

Impossible

The answer, terrible as it may sound, is that they were too overwhelmed with work.

Their unenviable position will be better realised when we cite the evidence of the doctor who saw Grace at the dispensary.

He informed the coroner at the inquest that he was called upon to interview incoming patients there at the rate of forty an hour!

A minute and a half for each diagnosis! What a preposterous state of affairs! Small wonder that this girl's malady was not discovered.

But now we come to another aspect of the disadvantages which sufferers in populous slum districts have to face.

In addition to the perfunctory "examinations" already referred to, Grace, like all elementary-school children, had been subjected to periodical inspection by the educational authorities during her school years; and, upon

leaving, she was examined and passed as fit to work in a factory.

Here, again, it is evident that the examinations made by doctors and officers of the school medical services cannot be as carefully conducted as they undoubtedly ought to be.

The reason for this "scamping" is not far to seek when we consider a report presented to Sir Charles Trevelyan, when he was President of the Board of Education.

From it we learn that there is only one doctor available for every 7,900 school-children! How can the job be tackled adequately in such circumstances?

It would be shamefully unfair to criticise any individual doctor for slips or shortcomings.

They do all they can do against overwhelming odds, and, if anything, they are to be pitied as the victims of the impossible conditions under which they are compelled to work.

A High-Flying HOAXER

A CLEVER imposter, giving the name of Captain Kenneth T. Dunbar, has been exploiting the sympathy of Fleet Street journalists and advertising-agents.

About thirty-seven years of age, short, pale and clean-shaven, the gallant "Captain" tells a heartrending story of himself as an "ace" who brought down thirty-five machines in the war.

He produces holiday snapshots of his wife and little girl, who at the moment of his call have been living in one room on bread and margarine all the week, and are to be turned out by a hard-hearted landlord unless immediate help is forthcoming.

Having secured something to tide him over, he next calls to report that he has got a job and requires money to carry him through the week.

Having got as much advance money as he can, "Captain" Dunbar disappears.

A member of one well known advertising agency offered this man a job and advanced him money.

Needless to say, he did not return, although he made representations to a journalist that he had sold £230 worth of advertising space.

No one has ever seen his wife and child (occasionally his family was multiplied), and there is no trace of any Captain Kenneth Dunbar in the Air Force records.



Both died - Grace Reneville and her baby sister

In the same way, poor Grace Reneville may, to a great extent, be regarded as a victim of the circumstances in which she lived.

Until within a month or so of her untimely end, she had shared a 10 square bedroom with her seven-year-old brother, her two sisters and a male lodger of about fifty.

What can they do?

As it was, she survived her sister who died in December last.

The terrible effect of such conditions is exemplified in official statistics, which show that, of the million children who are attending elementary schools to-day, no less than 770,000 have been found to require urgent medical attention.

The returns furnished for the year, too, show that 7,200 children were unable to attend school because of the fact that they suffered from long forms of tuberculosis.

One often reads of parents criticised for neglecting children who have developed diseases, but what can poor people do?

They cannot, because of the restricted means, afford to have their children thoroughly examined and tended by private practitioners. The sides, officialdom has set up a system to provide medical supervision and many of the poor parents blind trust in the infallibility of such organisations.

We have shown above where the blame rests. We cannot in the least blame the medical officers or parents; the fault lies with the quackery of the present system with disease.

Minute and a half

Sir George Newman, Chief Officer of the Board of Education, once observed that "the intimate connection between the public health and education is the most indisputable fact upon which all progressive social legislation is based."

Nothing progressive can be hoped for while the State expects doctors to be responsible for the death rate of forty an hour!

Spring days are treacherous

EXTREMES of weather are to be expected during April. Within a few hours bright sunshine may be followed by bitter winds and driving rain.

Reserves of health and vitality have been lowered by the dreary winter and must be rebuilt if harmful results from these sudden changes are to be avoided.

"Ovaltine" is the supreme food beverage for rebuilding the system and for giving new health and vitality. This delicious beverage is prepared from Nature's best restorative foods—malt, milk and eggs—and supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form.

Every member of every home should drink delicious "Ovaltine" daily in place of tea, coffee or other mealtime beverages. It is sold at prices which render it the most economical form of concentrated nourishment obtainable.



Drink
Delicious

OVALTINE

for Health!

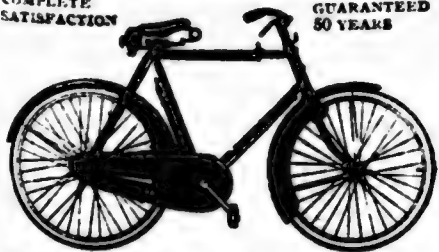
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lined. All Bright Parts, CHROMIUM-
PLATED or All Black Finish at the
same price.

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BLUEMEL 15"x1"
PUMP. Solid Leather
Tool Bag, Tools, Oiler
and Reflector included
Free

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This three-piece Bergere suite, in cane and finely figured walnut, costs £27:10:0
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teed in writing against faulty workmanship and material for
all time, and can be purchased on the straightforward terms "£1 a
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Doris..

you're
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I love you.

Your sunny smile makes dull mornings summer-bright. Always has done.

Ever since our first breakfast together. Years ago.

Remember?...

How I adored you! And the sunshine! And the Golden Shred!

How I still do...

Help yourself, darling, and pass it along.

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the world's finest marmalade made only by Robertson from fresh fruit and pure sugar.

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Everybody is familiar with the Roosters Concert Party, who have recently expressed their appreciation of

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Leg-pulling Private L. Swinger expresses himself:

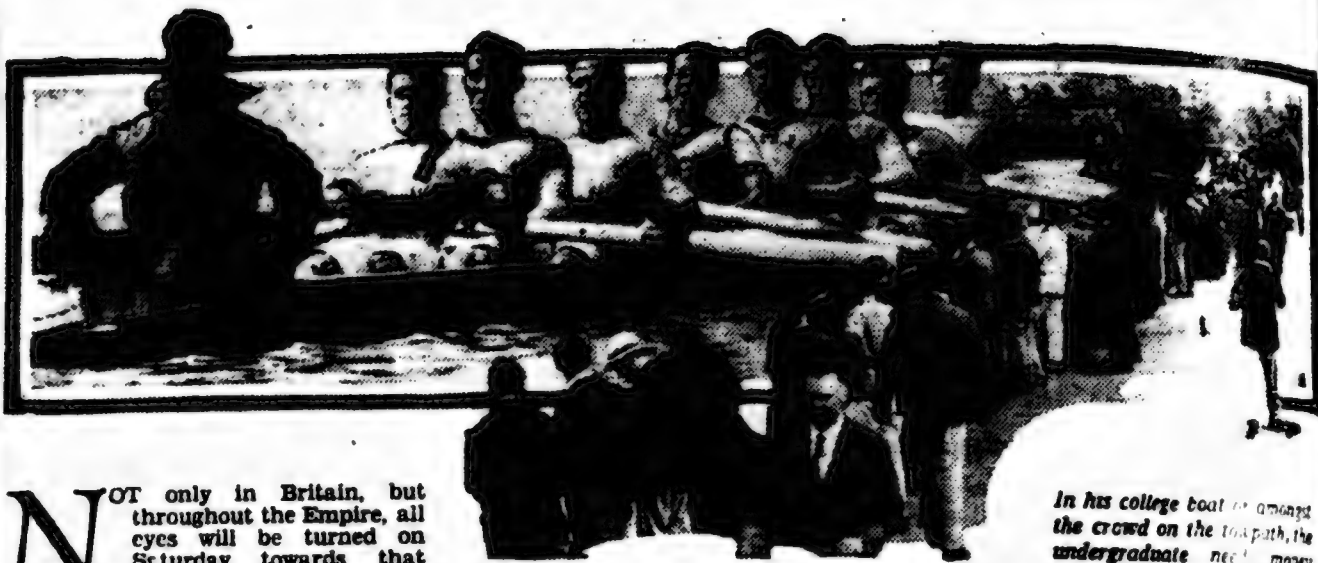
"Yum, yer see, Capt. Posh comes into the canteen one day and finds my bottle of 'Military'. This ain't in the hissy," he says. "No, sir," I says. "Yer see, sir, the Sergeant noticed our happeetites was a bit off, so he bought us this out of his own pay."

You will enjoy Military Pickle with all cold meats. Tasty, appetising and digestive. Get a bottle to-day.

Of all Grocers.
10½d. and 1/6 per Bottle.

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MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS
OLD ENGLISH PICKLES.



In his college boat he amongst the crowd on the towpath, the undergraduate need money to keep level with the game

NOT only in Britain, but throughout the Empire, all eyes will be turned on Saturday towards that historic stretch of the Thames between Putney and Mortlake.

For the eighty-second time the crews of Oxford and Cambridge will strive in the world's most famous boat race.

The great event comes and goes, but few ever think of the cost involved in its preparation, or have any exact idea of the yearly budget of the average undergraduate at the two old universities.

Boat-racing expenses form the largest item on the bills that have to be met by the college games-clubs.

The Boat Race costs the two universities large sums each year, and part of the cost is met out of subscriptions from the various college boat-clubs.

Boats alone cost from £300 to £400 each year, while in addition there are training and coaching expenses.

This is only one small part of the cost of a university education. The student spends either one or two of his three years at the 'Varsity living in rooms "in college."

Body and mind

Fees vary at the different colleges and also vary with the personal tastes of the undergraduate, since he is charged for each item separately.

The bill at the end of the term covers food, board, maintenance fees for the upkeep of the college, and games-club fees.

Between them, the college and tuition fees come to from £150 to £180 per annum at the less expensive colleges and from £200 to £250 at the most expensive.

Living "out" of college is usually even dearer than living "in." The landladies, although regulated by University authorities, charge higher prices than ordinary lodgers would consent to pay.

Cases are known of rooms in Oxford High Street for which the rent, without food or any extras, is £5 a week for two rooms.

For the expenses for which he cannot get credit, chiefly meals out and entertaining, the latter being an important item in 'Varsity life, some £50 a year is required by the average undergraduate, and considerably more by those intending to live in style.

Passing rich on—

Books are an expensive item, depending, like tuition-fees, on the subject under study.

Scientific students of moderate means are run to the limit of their capacity by reason of the cost of scientific books.

Really hard-up undergraduates, however, can often obtain a grant of money for the purchase of necessary text-books.

On £500 a year or more the student at Oxford or Cambridge can do well. On £300 to £400 he can be comfortable. On £200 he can just live at one of the cheapest colleges, running up judicious debts and leading an extremely simple life.

It must be remembered, moreover, that only six months of the year are spent at the 'Varsity and that for the other six months the undergraduate must be fed and clothed at the expense of his parents.

Therefore, £300 is the lowest sum

PITY the Blue's PAPA

that can be allowed for a young man at one of the older universities.

Many gilded youths, to whom studies are a secondary consideration, spend four or five times this amount in their college years.

Sports alone can run away with an income sufficient to keep a middle-class family in comfort.

If an undergraduate wants to hunt, or play polo, for example, he will have to pay £200 a year for his amusement.

The Oxford Chamber of Commerce lately demanded an apology for an article criticising local tradesmen published in the *Isis*, the leading undergraduate journal, and alleging that students owe Oxford tradesmen over a quarter of a million pounds, much of which will never be recovered.

On tick

It was also suggested that prices paid in Oxford would in any other town be regarded as shamelessly exorbitant, and that it pays the Oxford tradesman to give credit and charge accordingly, even though he incurs many bad debts.

Whatever the truth may be, the young man at Oxford early learns to run up debts.

One Oxford tradesman even pays the bills of less patient tradesmen for his best customers, putting the sum down as "one suit" on their accounts.

Although it is strictly forbidden, and a punishable offence, some tailors also make handsome profits by lending money to youths at excessive interest—after they have satisfied themselves that "papa" is able to pay.

But the credit system cuts both ways. There are many who would have to leave the University if they had to pay cash for everything.

In the past crediting tradesmen could prevent students from getting their degrees.

This originated the traditional practice of the proctors walking up and down at the graduating ceremony so that complainants might pluck them by the sleeve and to the nomination of a debtor.

The proctors still walk, but tradesmen now make high prices pay for their bad debts.

Of these there are an enormous number.

A certain noble lord and ex-Cabinet Minister, although his 'Varsity career ended years ago, still owes £60 to the tradesfolk of Oxford.

Almost every undergraduate is a member of one or more clubs. Chief and most expensive of the Oxford clubs are Vincent's and the Bullingdon. Vincent's is chiefly restricted to "Blues."

A "Blue" is not to be despised by a poor but ambitious young man. It is quite as good a commercial asset as a "First" for intellectual brilliance.

A "Blue" can always be sure of obtaining a good business berth, mainly on the strength of his athletic distinction.

Costs "bumped" up

The Bullingdon is a club for the "young squire" type of undergraduate.

Before the war it flourished exceedingly. Since 1919, however, it has never recaptured its old position and is now the exclusive preserve of a small clique of rich young men with a taste for hunting.

Each college has one or more dining-clubs. Officially these clubs exist to organise dinners of an intellectual type.

Actually the dinners are usually anything but intellectual, the 'Varsity spirit inspiring the members to spend much rowdier evenings.

These clubs, meeting as they do four or five times a term, cost each member £4 or £5 a term, to say nothing of large sums for breakages.

If a college boat makes five bumps in a week of "eights," a bump supper is held, at which destruction is almost as important a feature as drinking.

The proceedings may end in the quad, where the furniture and other of some peculiarly obnoxious member of the college are destroyed in a bonfire.

250 Scholarships FREE

An interesting scheme of Adult Scholarships is announced in the *Daily Herald*. 250 Scholarships are being offered to Adults at summer schools and week-end schools. These Scholarships include courses in a number of subjects and cover board and lodging and a generous allowance for fares. Details of this scheme are appearing from time to time in the new *Daily Herald*.

Put spring into your step

New life is appearing all round you with the change from winter to spring. Put new life into yourself—get spring into your step—by changing over to Shredded Wheat, the ideal breakfast food for health and daily enjoyment. With all its bran and all the goodness of wheat it is the very food to keep you fit, now and always. Shredded Wheat satisfies healthy appetites and needs no cooking—a great economy. Always ready—serve with milk.

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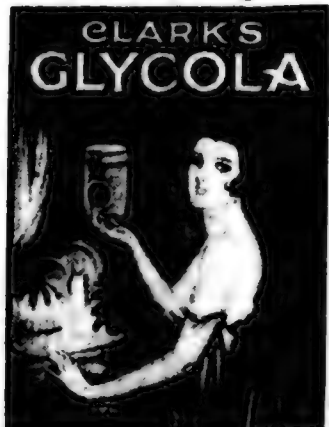
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6d. per 1/4 lb.

For attractive Hands & Complexion



Jars 6d., 1/- & 3/-. Tubes 4 1/2d. Of all Chemists.
Dainty sample for 2d. in a stamp.
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WHAT OTHER FOLKS SAY (1)

"What a Glorious Holiday"

"I have much pleasure in writing to tell you what a glorious holiday I had last year at Morecambe. I am thinking of coming again this year," says Miss D. W., of Accrington.

You can have a glorious holiday, too, if you make up your mind for Morecambe—The Health and Holiday Resort on the North-West Coast.

Special events all through the season from Easter to September, plus all the entertainments, amusements and sport you can wish for.

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Travel L.M.S.—Cheap Period Excursion, Weekend, Tourist Tickets during the season. Ask at any L.M.S. Station or Office for full particulars.



The FIRST Failure

by GEOFFREY
WILLIAMSON

A TRUE STORY

by the
Author of
"The Lovable
Outlaw"

"No trick of mine ever went wrong!" he said in... "Nothing like that ever happened to me!"



Illustrated by
Edgar Spenceley

that tedious pilgrimage impeded circulation. When I finally emerged at Rotherhithe I was literally chilled to the bone.

There, if anything, the fog was at its worst. Nothing could be seen but an impenetrable bank of choking, turing fog.

I had never been to Rotherhithe before, and though, with the guidance of various people, I eventually reached the local Hippodrome, I had uneasy doubts as to whether I should ever be able to find my way back to the station.

At the stage-door, I learnt that the first evening performance was not quite over, so I groped my way round the box-office.

Temporarily dropping my rôle of deputy-journalist, I decided that it would be infinitely preferable to become a member of the paying public.

It was pleasant to enter into the warmth and light of the music-hall though there the fog and tobacco smoke combined to make the atmosphere hazy, heightening the effect of mysticism.

I watched what little remained of the illusionist's show with interest. I had often seen him before, but to-night there was a remote personal link that made me unusually critical.

All the time I was wondering how he would receive me, and what sort of tale he would have to tell.

He was a superb craftsman, and though his big spectacular illusions found most favour with an audience who had paid "to see something," he interspersed numerous little feats of sleight of hand which I knew must have cost him long, weary hours of practice, so miraculous was their effect.

BUT, as is so often the way in the life, the things which cost the greatest effort being made were the least successful.

The effect of this magic was small, tricks, though they were executed by cleverer in themselves, were often less or lessened on the large scale, and the purely mechanical illusions requiring no more skill than the pressing of a button, won admiration and applause on all sides.

I remember that these thoughts occurred to me at the time, and that mentally resolved to broach the subject as soon as I came to face with the great magician, for whom I had the profoundest respect.

At the fall of the curtain I hurried round to the stage-door and, with beating heart, met the magician in the wings.

He was still in his make-up of course, and with all the stage-lights dimmed, and with swirling eddies of fog sweeping in from the stage-door the meeting was just a little eerie.

(Continued on page 30)

IF a dense fog had not enshrouded London on the fifteenth of January, 1918, I should not have had to serve seven days' detention at a rest-camp in Southern India in the summer of 1918.

This somewhat fantastic assertion summarises a singular study of Cause and Effect; and the connecting links provide one of the strangest real-life dramas that have fallen within my personal experience.

Only one other person could tell this story, though it is open to anyone to verify the facts, for which I can now give chapter and verse, which is more than I dared to do to the military authority who passed sentence upon me.

You see, I was twelve hours late in reporting for duty. Asked if I had anything to say, I replied truthfully that I had missed my connection at Manmad junction. Asked why I had missed my connection, I remained dumb.

I had a perfectly astonishing explanation; but it was far too preposterous for a humble sapper to offer to a fiery Camp-Commandant.

For one thing, it would have meant telling of that foggy evening more than two years before, when I had made an eventful journey from Richmond to Rotherhithe as deputy for a journalist friend who was compiling a symposium for a well-known monthly magazine.

The symposium was to deal with the personal experiences of a number of famous illusionists, who had been asked

to relate humorous or dramatic anecdotes of occasions when something had unexpectedly gone wrong to spoil the effect of some big trick.

When I stepped in as deputy the article was complete, save that my journalistic friend had so far failed to secure the co-operation of one magician who was then a very popular figure upon the variety stage, and whose name would have added considerably to the interest value of the symposium.

After many vain attempts to secure an interview with this elusive illusionist, an appointment was eventually arranged for Saturday evening, January 15, 1916, at the Rotherhithe Hippodrome.

If the magician secretly hoped that this locality would be too far afield for my friend, he certainly had the elements in his favour.

Merlin of old could not have compounded a more noisome fog, for the atmosphere was raw and cold in addition, as if the chill of centuries had been drawn up from the river-bed.

It is not surprising that my friend preferred the coziness of his own fireside at Richmond and bribed me to fare forth in his stead.

I WAS very young then and the idea appealed to me; but long before my journey was half accomplished I began to wish myself back beside my friend's fire.

The train crawled along miserably, and, being wartime, all lights were subdued, which made the draughty District coaches seem doubly depressing.

The fog made my eyes smart painfully, while the enforced inaction of

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Men's ... 3/6 pair
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Ladies' ... 1/6 pair
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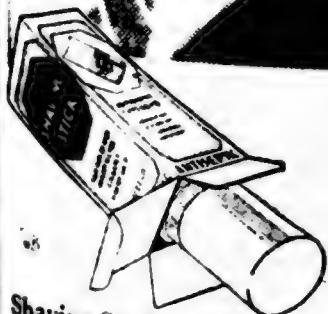
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The minute you lather with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard — and soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist easier to cut and pliable scientifically softened right down at the base then your razor can do its best work.



Shaving Stick and Refill 10d.
In bright nickel box - 1/-
Handy-Grip Stick - 1/6

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

"Gives a shave that lasts 2 hours longer"



where are my RECKITT'S BATH CUBES?

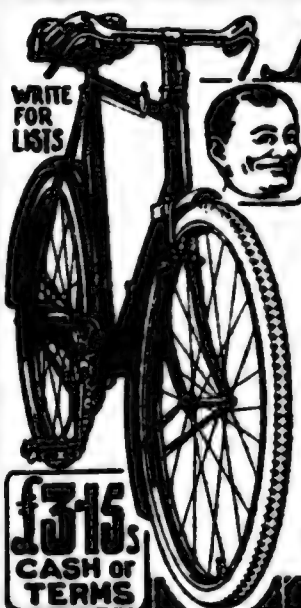


It was only last week I bought a new box! A bath that's been treated to a Reckitt's Bath Cube is a different thing altogether. It's a better and a more bracing bath. It's a tonic and a pick-me-up. The water is so soft and limpid. It's all satin and sympathy. It soothes you so and it comforts you so! And it cleanses you as plain tap water never can. The natural action of the pores is stimulated so that they breathe as they should. And when you come out—the suppleness of your muscles, the smoothness of your skin, the hint of fragrance, the rightness and the brightness—and the feeling that it's fine to be alive!

Reckitt's Bath Cubes can be obtained in four perfumes—Lily of the Valley, Lavender, Verbena and Essence of Flowers—from all Grocers, Chemists, Stores, etc., at 2d. each or in cartons of 6 for 1/-

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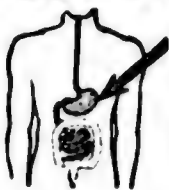
No matter what claims are made by others, my catalogue proves that I stand supreme for value and low prices. I am determined to maintain my **FORTY YEARS'** policy of supplying the finest cycles at the lowest prices known in this country. Between now and Easter I shall give accessories value **FIFTEEN SHILLINGS** with most of my cycles. Prove my statements by sending for a **FREE CATALOGUE**. IT WILL POSITIVELY SAVE YOU POUNDS.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST
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CASH OR
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Banish torturing INDIGESTION

ACIDITY,
HEARTBURN,
PAINS AFTER
EATING, Etc.



This New Pleasant Drink gives swift relief to distressing stomach complaints—in time ends the trouble altogether.

Here's excellent news for the thousands of people who have long been searching for some thing which REALLY WILL end stomach disorder—not simply for a day or two, or a week or two, but ONCE AND FOR ALL.

WEX, the New Pleasant Sparkling Aerated Drink, immediately relieves distressed symptoms of indigestion, and in time delivers you free from this joy-killing complaint altogether.

WEX opens a new world to indigestion sufferers. It quickly banishes Pains after Eating, Acidity, Sour Stomach, Trapped Wind, Bitter Taste in Mouth, Coated Tongue, Dull Eyes, Headaches and the like, as thousands of one-time sufferers have already proved to their delight.

Acts in from
10 to 30 minutes

Now instead of suffering, you just take half a tea-spoonful of WEX in half a tumblerful of water whenever the trouble occurs. WEX makes a Pleasant, Sparkling, Aerated Drink which turns into an antacid solution when it reaches the stomach. This instantly neutralises the harmful acids in the stomach caused by undigested food, and quickly removes unpleasant symptoms. But WEX does more than this. It also cleanses the internal organs of poisonous accumulations which are the chief reason why you KEEP ON having indigestion. From the very first dose of WEX you feel better. Whilst if you take a drink of WEX every morning before breakfast you will conquer indigestion altogether.

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If you are a sufferer get a bottle of WEX from your Chemist and start getting relief to-day. WEX is sold by over 9,000 chemists, including Boots' Branches, Taylor's Drug Stores, Timothy White's, etc., at 1/6 per bottle (4 weeks' supply), double quantity 2/6. Made by E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd. (established 1756), 64, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.



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Make your own
Cigarette
& see what
you save.

ALWAYS
USE
AC
CIGARETTE
PAPER
BEST & PUREST

"The First Failure"

In spite of the intense cold of that January night, perspiration was streaming down the magician's face, for he had worked hard.

Evidently my extreme youth surprised him, for his shrewd eyes seemed to be weighing me very critically.

"Are you the gentleman I had the letter from?" he asked in a marked American voice that was tinged, I thought, with a suggestion of suspicion.

Apologetically I told him "No!" and explained that I was a deputy.

"Well, I guess I haven't a second to spare!" was his not very encouraging rejoinder. "I've given two shows to-day and now I've got to get the stage set for a third; I haven't a second to spare."

I protested feebly that I had come all the way from Richmond; that I wouldn't take up many moments of his time; that he need only give me the barest facts, and that my journalist friend would "write them up" and, if desired, submit a draft for approval.

HE softened slightly, and I could see that a kindly look had come into his shrewd eyes.

"What is it you want?" he asked, at the same time giving instructions by nod and gesture to an army of assistants, who were flying feverishly about the stage like figures on a kinema screen when the film is being rushed through the projector at excessive speed.

"Just any anecdote of your experience when some trick went wrong unexpectedly," I told him hastily. "How you saved the situation, and so on..."

"No trick of mine ever went wrong!" he cut in with an air of finality. "Nothing like that ever happened to me!"

There was nothing at all truculent in his voice. He merely spoke with the confident air of an accomplished craftsman who knew his job.

With vivid recollections of that part of his show that I had just seen, I could well believe in his sincerity. As a polished performer he was probably without an equal.

But this rebuff was disappointing. A more experienced journalist would have pursued the interview further; but I came empty away, and, leaving the magician to his feverish labours, braved the fog once more.

I never saw him again.

Dismal thoughts pervaded my mind as I picked my way through the fog to the station, though I found it with an ease that surprised me. And throughout the long, cheerless return journey to Richmond I moped over my failure.

A mocking refrain seemed to run through my brain with the whirr of the train. "Nothing like that ever happened to me! Nothing like that ever happened to me!"

What a futile "report" to take back to my friend. It was the first journalistic commission I had ever undertaken and I had wanted to acquit myself well. It was galling having to confess failure.

BUT a more experienced hand than mine was to fail. My friend subsequently rang up the illusionist on the telephone, and endeavoured, with all the persuasive powers he could muster, to draw him out.

He met with no more success than I had done.

"No trick of mine ever went wrong," the great man repeated eventually. "Nothing like that ever happened to me!"

And he hung up the receiver.

So the symposium duly appeared in print minus the contribution of the great magician whose tricks never failed; and the passing months rendered me eligible for military service.

I entered the Army, and the memory of my first journalistic failure and that night in Rotherhithe were soon effaced from my mind.

They were to be brought back later in most unexpected circumstances, though not before I had travelled upwards of twenty thousand miles.

Real life, the supposed pattern of the dramatists, works with a hand that

is fantastic and unfettered. To begin with, it is bound by no conventions and artificialities.

The dramatist must obey the three unities of the drama or be severely castigated by the critics for his "puerile construction"; real life doesn't give a damn for the three unities or anything else.

It is not restricted in the matter of setting; the world is its stage and there are 1,800,000,000 characters with

Next Week:

A Real-Life THRILLER

by

Mrs. Belloc
Lowndes,

"An Unsolved Murder Mystery"

which to juggle. I was one; the magician was another.

While he remained in England to delight and mystify a thousand audiences, I was caught up in the military machine and sent to Mesopotamia to wage war on the Turks.

In the early summer of 1918 I was sent back from the deserts of Iraq to India on leave, and on May 24 I found myself waiting at Manmad junction for a train that was to carry me to a rest-camp at Bangalore, in Mysore State.

I was one of a small party, without any non-commissioned officer in charge.

We had simply been handed free rail passes and instructed to take a certain train for Bangalore, where the authorities had been notified of our impending arrival.

WITH half an hour to wait and having little or no money to spend, I filled in the time standing at the bookstall, where I read nearly everything readable, to the evident disgust of the Babu in charge.

It was mid-afternoon and the heat had produced a drowsy effect. The train came in, but there was plenty of room and a minute or two to spare.

I watched the other members of my party clamber aboard, but decided that there was just time to take a swift

glance through an illustrated weekly that was already in my hand.

And then an extraordinary thing happened that literally stunned me so that I forgot my train and became deaf to the snorting engine, the morning cries of my comrades, and the clamour of swarming hordes of passengers. . . .

I was no longer in India! I was back in England—in Rotherhithe!

In spite of the intense heat of that Indian afternoon a strange chill came upon me, for I had received an unexpected shock.

FOR one brief moment I almost feel the damp, penetrating Thames-side fog that I came back to reality.

But by that time the train was on the move, and I had no desire to catch it.

It meant that I had a further half-hour to wait, and that there would be trouble with the authorities at the other end in consequence.

But I didn't much care at that moment, for I was agog with excitement; there would be plenty to think about during the ensuing train journey.

For the thing that had happened—the thing that had seemed so fantastic and unbelievable for real life—the thing that had rendered me deaf to my surroundings and whisked me back in fancy to Rotherhithe—had been a glaring headline on the front page of that illustrated weekly.

The name of the magician I had interviewed more than two years before stood out in conspicuous capitals, and with it were sub-headings which I remember gasping.

THE account that followed described how the illusionist had been appearing at the Wood Green Empire, in North London, including in his programme a famous trick known as "Defying the Bullet," in which he caught bullets upon a plate while assistants fired at him from point-blank range.

At a second performance on a Saturday night, something had unaccountably affected the mechanism of one of the rifles, and the great illusionist had been shot through the chest.

The trick he had performed without hitch twice nightly for years untold—a purely mechanical trick—had "gone wrong"; nothing like that had ever happened to him before; nothing would again; he had died within a few hours.

He was Elsworth Robinson, the Scottish-American illusionist, known throughout the world as China Lee Soo.

Monday Night's a Brainy Night



congratulate her on the success. "When first I learned the news from your letter, I was too excited to eat my breakfast."

Since their marriage, Mrs. Barth has continued at business because she wanted to help as much as possible towards the realisation of their one ambition.

Like all happily married couples, Mr. and Mrs. Barth always help each other, and their attempts at solving JOHN BULL Crosswords have always been joint affairs. They are keen competitors, but this is their first success.

"We set Monday evenings apart to solve our weekly crossword," said Mrs. Barth. "In fact, we call it John Bull night."

"More than anything else, this fixing of a definite and regular time to solve the puzzles contributes to our success."

Why not realise your ideal by winning the first prize in JOHN BULL Crossword No. 59? Turn to page 31 and complete your entry now.

CROSSWORDS have set two North London newlyweds upon a straight path to a happy ideal, a home of their own.

The pretty young wife—Mrs. D. Barth, of 53, Effingham Road, Hornsey, London, N.—is the winner of the first prize of £500 in JOHN BULL's Crossword Competition No. 55. She had no mistakes in her entry.

"This is wonderful," she exclaimed to our representative who called to

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Style & Up-to-date.
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back, shoulder bands adjust Bust height, and there are six suspenders. Equally suitable for slim, medium, and full figures.

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Bargain Coupon—Belted Corselette

Please send me, on approval, at this week's payment of 8/11, a new Ambros Belted Corselette, to the following measurements:—

Bust..... Hips.....

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I enclose 1/- deposit, with 4d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- each or more. If not satisfied, I return the goods at once and you will refund my deposit.

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Address.....

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This is the new family game—collecting Nestlé's coupons. Open a packet or carton of Nestlé's Chocolate to-day and you can begin your collecting with the coupon that's inside. It's simply amazing—how the coupons mount up when the family sets its heart on a toy motor for Billy, a watch for Dad, or an umbrella for Mother. You will find the coupons in many different kinds of Nestlé's Chocolate—milk and plain—blocks, square cartons and in 2d. wrapped bars. And what a good thing it is that you can secure these necessities of life simply by going on asking for Nestlé's, the Chocolate you already like the best.

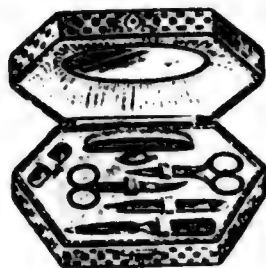
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CHOCOLATE

In all Nestlé's 1lb. blocks, 6d. square cartons and 2d. wrapped bars there will be found either a Gift Coupon or a Coloured Guarantee Slip. These guarantee slips have a coupon value and should be kept. 1 Blue Slip equals 2 coupons. 1 Pink slip equals 1 coupon. 3 Yellow slips equal 1 coupon. This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State.

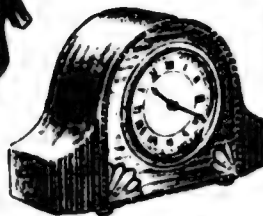
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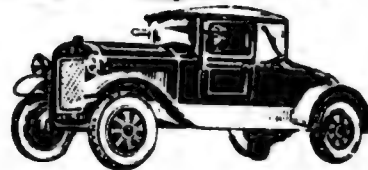
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The pockets are big, and where you want them. The dungaree is specially woven to stand the hardest wear, and the colour is fast. See the name "Lybro Brand" stamped on the Red Button.

Your outfitter sells "Lybro Easy-fit" Overalls in blue or brown. Make sure they are genuine by seeing the RED BUTTON stamped "Lybro Brand" **6/6**

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The Nurse-Lover at his BEDSIDE

—Shall She Remain Loyal?

TWO years ago I was employed in Edinburgh, my home town, as a nurse in a private hospital for paralysis.

One of the patients was a young Englishman whose condition was brought about by an accident. Because of this it was hoped that he would be cured.

He was good-looking and interesting, and I soon gave him more than a merely professional care. His preference for me was equally marked. Affection ripened into love, and before he left we were engaged.

As his health improved, he spoke of an early marriage, and on the morning that he went away he introduced me to a younger brother as his affianced wife.

I kept on at my work, and my lover, now in London, wrote a long and affectionate letter every week.

At last came the welcome news that all was in order for the great event, but as his family were all keen on having the wedding take place in London, would I come to town and stay meanwhile with his mother?

Delighted, I packed up, realised my savings, and set off.

I WAS met at King's Cross by the younger brother, accompanied by his mother.

With weebegone faces they told me that very day my lover had suffered a sudden relapse and had been hurriedly rushed to hospital.

His condition was pitiable. It was evident that marriage was now out of the question.

I went to work in a shop, and have now been in London, working to support myself, for nearly two years. I have spent every available opportunity by my boy's bedside, only to see him grow gradually worse.

On my last visit I was informed there was no hope of his permanent recovery, and that should he linger, it would be only as a bed-tied, hopeless invalid. Nurses say he cries for me in his pain.

But here is my problem: His mother insists upon me still living with her, and the younger brother does all in his power to win me to himself.

The mother actually favours this suit, saying I am young and healthy and entitled to my happiness.

When I tell her that my heart is still in hospital, she says I should be guided by common-sense, as her youngest is well-to-do, having a good job, with chance of promotion, in a big insurance company.

She says she has taken to me as a daughter, and would like to see at least one of her boys happy. I fear that such a marriage would break the elder's heart, so tell me what I ought to do.

"HUMANIST" says: It would be tragic to marry one man for position while really loving another, apart from the effect on the invalid.

As marriage at the moment is out of the question, remain a staunch pal to your sweetheart in the hope that he will yet show signs of recovery. If not, then time, in due course, will resolve your problem.

"BABY DECEPTION" has unpleasant complications

FORTY years ago, when I was a girl in my teens, I married a sailor. After our brief honeymoon he left for a long trip and I did not see him again for several years.

We corresponded regularly. In every letter my husband mentioned his hopes that there would be two of us to greet him when he returned.

When these hopes were on the point of being realised, I was full of joy. I

told him the news and made preparation for our happiness.

It was short-lived, for my baby was still-born.

The prospect of my husband's disappointment dismayed me. Then I had an opportunity to adopt a baby. It was a heaven-sent chance, I thought, and took it.

The child was nearly six when at length my husband returned. He always thought of the youngster as his own, and I took care never to deceive him.

THE lad grew to manhood, and is now well over thirty. My great trouble is that he shows me very little affection; he seems strangely aloof.

Now my husband has died. In his will he says: "I leave everything to my son, for I know that he will look after his mother."

Unfortunately, my "son" is not the man my husband thought him to be.

He has already declared that the moment he gets the money he will carry out his wish to emigrate. If he does this, I know I shall get nothing.

Is there anything I can do to prevent this punishment of my past deception?

"HUMANIST" says: Your foster-son is obviously the person your husband learned to love and trust and intended to benefit.

All you can do is to confide the facts to your lawyer, who will point out to the young man that his inheritance is due to your deception, and carries with it the responsibility of looking after yourself.

MAN MUST JILT when happiness is staked

MY association with a North Country orchestral society brought me in touch ten years ago with a contralto in the chorus.

Drawn together by our love of music, we became engaged, and practically all our leisure was spent together.

Then her work took her to another town, and we saw less of each other though we corresponded at intervals.

A few months ago her mother died, and again there were changes. My sweetheart left her employment for good, and is now at home keeping house for her father.

Seen constantly in a purely domestic environment, I am greatly disillusioned with her.

She is anything but even-tempered. She nags and is for ever finding fault with me. As for music, she says she cares nothing for it and has lost what little interest she once had.

She apparently has no wish to break the engagement, but refuses to visit my friends with me.

I see nothing but misery ahead for either of us. But in this locality if a man breaks an engagement all his friends fight shy of him and call him a rotter.

"HUMANIST" says: Never mind what other people call you. Have the courage to break the engagement before it is too late.

You had far better endure a little unpleasantness now than find yourself bound to a marriage that cannot bring happiness to either.

Jock Rutherford's League Lights

Forecasts for April 12

AMATEUR CUP FINAL—At West Ham.
ILFORD v. Bournemouth Gasworks.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE—Division I.
ARSENAL v. Sheffield United.
ASTON VILLA v. Newcastle United.
BURNLEY v. Liverpool.
DERBY COUNTY v. Leicester City.
EVERTON v. Grimsby Town.
LEEDS UNITED v. Blackburn Rovers.
MANCHESTER CITY v. Birmingham.
PORTSMOUTH v. Huddersfield Town.
SHEFFIELD WED. v. Middlesbrough.
SUNDERLAND v. West Ham United.

Division II.
Bradford City v. Bury.
BRISTOL CITY v. Millwall.
CARDIFF CITY v. Notts Forest.
CHARLTON ATH. v. West Bromwich.
HULL CITY v. Bradford.
NOTTS COUNTY v. Southampton.
PRESTON N.E. v. Oldham Athletic.
READING v. Tottenham Hotspur.
STOKE CITY v. Barnsley.
SWANSEA TOWN v. CHELSEA.
Wolverhampton Wanderers v. BLACKPOOL.

Division III. (South).
BOURNEMOUTH v. Bristol Rovers.
CRYSTAL PALACE v. Torquay United.
EXETER CITY v. Coventry City.
FULHAM v. Plymouth Argyle.
GILLINGHAM v. Newport County.
Luton Town v. BRENTFORD.
NORTHAMPTON v. Watford.
NORWICH CITY v. Merthyr Town.
QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS v. Swindon T.

SOUTHEND UNITED v. Clapton Orient.
Walsall v. Brighton and Hove.

Division III. (North).
ACCRINGTON STANLEY v. Crewe Alex.
CHESTERFIELD v. Port Vale.
DARLINGTON v. York City.
DONCASTER ROVERS v. New Brighton.
Hartlepool United v. Stockport County.
HALIFAX TOWN v. Wigan Borough.
LINCOLN CITY v. Barrow.
ROCHDALE v. Nelson.
Rotherham United v. Carlisle United.
SOUTH SHIELDS v. Southport.
TRANMERE ROVERS v. Wrexham.

SCOTTISH CUP—Final Tie.
RANGERS v. Partick Thistle.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE—Division I.
AIRDRIEONIAN v. Hearts.
CLYDE v. Cowdenbeath.
FALKIRK v. Dundee United.
HAMILTON ACAD. v. Queen's Park.
Hibernians v. Aberdeen.
KILMARNOCK v. Motherwell.
Morton v. Ayr United.
St. Mirren v. CELTIC.

Division II.
ARBROATH v. Dumbarton.
Armadale v. RAITH ROVERS.
BO'NESS v. Stenhousemuir.
EAST PIPE v. Forfar Athletic.
QUEEN OF THE SOUTH v. Alloa.
St.irlingshire v. LEITH ATHLETIC.
St. Bernards v. Albion Rovers.
THIRD LANARK v. Brechin City.

MY SPECIAL SELECTIONS

SIX HOME WINNERS: Aston Villa; Sheffield Wednesday; Stoke City; Bournemouth; Crystal Palace; Northampton.

FOUR AWAY WINNERS: Chelsea; Blackpool; Brentford; Celtic.

FOUR DRAWN: Burnley v. Liverpool; Bradford City v. Bury; Cardiff City v. Notts Forest; Fulham v. Plymouth Argyle.

Help them to get ahead!

"Just one month's training while they are still young will mean so much—later"

Mothers say



A lesson learned then—a good habit acquired—and their feet are set firmly in the centre of the path. There's no more worrying over how *those* children are going to turn out!

Countless mothers throughout the country have found in the Lifebuoy Habit the plan that works the wonder. It's a very simple habit. Just this! That the children should have a Lifebuoy wash always before sitting down to meals, always on coming in from school or play—but to learn to do it automatically without questioning, without waiting to be told. It takes no longer than a month to teach, but its good effect will last a lifetime.

It teaches children to believe in themselves—fosters a sensible self-pride and self-respect. It teaches self-reliance, independence—for it feels good to be treated like a grown-up and trusted. But above and beyond all this—it guards health. The Lifebuoy Habit is the great safeguard against germ-carried infection.



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Safety First!



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24 March 1928

BET
WITH
THE
BIG
TWO

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My Case FOR — RAISING — AGAINST the School Age

Poor people will benefit by raising the school age, by the lessening of unemployment. They will, no doubt, protest against it as causing an additional burden to them. But this is not so. Ten shillings a week is an average wage for a boy of fourteen, from which has to be taken fares, meals, extra clothes and pocket-money.

The Government grant could be supplemented by most boys as part-time newspaper and milk boys, and there will be no extra expenses.

Extra education and less unemployment will fully repay the mothers for years of worrying.—*H. G. Christopher, London.*

Sour Seventeen

I was always fond of school, but at the age of fourteen—the age when a boy begins to visualise his future seriously—I was compelled owing to poor circumstances at home to leave school and become a grocery-assistant.

Directly I had left conditions improved, and to-day I envy all boys student-teaching, because, being now only seventeen, I would have been in the same position as they had the school-leaving age been higher.

As my parents say now, the money I have earned during the past three years cannot be compared with the value of the education lost.—*E. Lewis, Glam.*

An Investment!

Some parents look upon their children as investments that should pay dividends, and they put them to earn money immediately they are permitted by law to do so.

Their own selfish desire for easier conditions causes such parents to disregard the permanent welfare of the young people, and the fact that some good posts are open only to young folk with a little extra education is ignored.

From such cruel or ignorant parents the children should be protected.

The extra accommodation and staff could be provided by raising the starting age from five to six.—*Mac, Glasgow.*

Able to Judge

As a teacher, I see boys and girls leave school at fourteen to go to any sort of a job.

It is sad to see an intelligent boy going to work at the pit, with no thought for the future, whereas, if he could stay at school for another one or two years, he would have reached an age when he would be able to think over things more sensibly and choose his career with more care.

It remains for the education authorities to provide the facilities whereby a boy can develop his latent talent, so that he leaves school, not as an inco-

Race with "Silver Ring"

Unlucky Losers

EVERY week I make a note in my diary of horses unlucky last time out, with a special mark against those backed significantly.

They catch the eye of the judge in due course and the code followers benefit.

Lady Kitty colt, who ran second to the Smolensk lilly at Warwick, should not be allowed to run loose.

He was the only youngster backed to beat the raging hot favourite, and had his race won when he swerved across the course.

It was the fastest run race at Warwick—under the minute.

With a shade of luck, I think Grand-Bright would have made a close affair of the Quarndon Handicap at Derby with Antiquary.

Anyway, Vasey's candidate was not mentioned in the market until the horses were on the way to the post, and then was backed, from 8 to 1, for pounds, shillings and pence. He was a good second.

Vain Bachelor, second to our 7 to 1 code winner, Tourmaline, in the "Brocklesby," was a 9 to 4 chance in a field of twenty-nine.

He met trouble all the way, and C. Ray is under the impression that he would have captured the spoils otherwise. Keep Vain Bachelor on the right side.

Yosemite is my last Lord Derby's

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, April 15.

My Reasons For or Against
SWEEPSTAKES

petent workman, but as an able craftsman, with a sound working knowledge of his job.—*Teacher, Normanton.*

Fewer Dead-enders

To-day a boy leaves school at fourteen and obtains work. Since, when he reaches sixteen, his master must pay insurance for him, he is "sacked" and replaced by a fourteen-year-old, who is just as capable and cheaper.

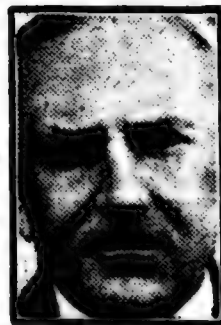
If the school-leaving age were raised to sixteen, these jobs would be open for the sixteen-year-olds, and there would thus be more situations for older men.

The result would be fewer unemployed and better-educated, more efficient citizens in the future.—*A Schoolgirl, Lancaster.*

Most boys and girls at fourteen years are just beginning to appreciate their schooling.—*A. B., Northumberland.*

There is no case against raising the school age. There is merely a miser's outcry against it.—*T. Richardson, Co. Durham.*

Ask the average schoolboy to write a simple business-letter, request a long-hand and spelling effort, and the result, in the majority of cases, will be a desire to extend the present school age.—*A. Warren, Sutton Coldfield.*



Atty Persse
trains O'Curry

horse was backed to win the Liverpool Cup as the result of a mixed trial in which Porthole figured. His chance was not improved by the draw.

Newbury fields will be as big as ever this week-end. I shall leave the minor races to the code.

I suggest O'Curry for the Spring Cup. If one of the fashionable jockeys has the mount, Persse's five-year-old put up a good show in the "Lincoln," and is well handicapped. Yosemite—each way—is the best saver.

The code is still going strong. Recent winners were Arctic Star, 6 to 1; Jolliment, 2 to 1; and Pergamena, 4 to 5.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 10, to Wednesday, April 16.

C G D B M F E W 2 K U 9 S L Z
5 X Y P J O V 3 A I T N R H Q

5THQV29 would read CULZEAN.

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be.

"SILVER RING."

As a mother who has seen her day when she would have continued the tradition of a trade, I would not raise the school age. This is the time when the child develops at still being a child, does not fit them for a citizenship.

Teach them a trade in the home at school, and I am with you.

If not, let them start to work for a master, learn to take, and realise that if they rule the earth they must first be ruled.—*E. B., Surrey.*

Many Hate It

Why force education on those who have no wish to learn? Why force money on them?

If a child has a desire for learning will learn whether the school age raised or lowered.

If forced to go to school when hates it, it will do him more harm than good, while a child who wants to learn, by paying a very small contribution (1d. per year in our town), have a whole knowledge in a library at finger-tips.—*J. F. Botham, Colchester.*

Too Late!

Educated at a secondary school I did not leave school until I was sixteen, set out to look for work, feeling confident, as I was equipped with a good education and a first-class certificate.

Alas! for my hopes. I applied for a job after job with the same result: was too old at sixteen.

Had I been fourteen I should have obtained work easily. As it is, I just got work eighteen months after leaving school.—*P. J. C., North Devon.*

Cut Out Nonsense

Present-day education is so imperfect that an extra year of its instruction methods can only add insult to injury to the children of the nation.

If more money must be spent on education, reduce the size of the school and let elementary-school children have the same opportunity for individual attention as the public-school child.

Improve the playing-grounds and advantage of sunshine.

Scrap 50 per cent. of the time spent in schools, and under better conditions introduce the best of school life.—*F. W., Cotnam.*

Tragedy in the Village

This is a rural district where many families existing on the farms and on a quate wage until the eldest child goes on the land or into service.

I know one family in which there are nine white-faced kiddies. The eldest has been working two months and already the benefit of the extra wage can be seen in those poor faces.

Next year a girl will reach leaving age and further ease the burden.

What a tragedy raising the school age would be in a family like this!—"Bev." Hunts.

Fair to All

For those who want a good education and can pay for it there is the secondary school, and for those who are ones who are poor there is the scholarship, while for all there remains the evening class.

What of the parents who are depending upon the children earning something when they reach fourteen?

Have they to struggle to keep school the children who will probably in the end be nothing more than shop-assistants?—*E. G., London.*

If the Government really shorten working life, why not shorten the other end?—*Teacher, York.*

What will a father think when son comes home from school and him for twonence for a shilling?—*Sowerby Bridge.*

The thought of the boy or girl an extra year's pull out of the life when he or she ought to be content to fill it, will have a worrying effect on the child's mind.—*J. Long, C.*



Should it be a Secret?



How I Won a Husband

My Husband says he loves many things about me, but admits that my beautiful complexion (though I am not young), first attracted him and still delights him. Yet, up to a few weeks before I met him, I had a sallow complexion, blackheads, enlarged pores and even wrinkles. I tried everything to keep my skin "full," clear and smooth.

At last one day I saw by lucky chance in the papers that Vienna University medical professors had discovered positively that the skin can eat. They found that the best and most highly nourishing food for the skin is predigested olive oil and fresh cream, combined with emulsified vegetable extracts and egg yolk.

Crème Tokalon Skinfood (Rose Colour) is guaranteed, under a forfeit of £1,000 to contain the nourishing foods the greatest skin specialists say your skin must have. Crème Tokalon Skinfood revives and refreshes the skin marvellously overnight. Continued use makes your face always clear, fresh and smooth as a baby's. Use the Rose Colour Skinfood at night, the White Skinfood (free from grease) in the morning. It makes powder remarkably adherent and invisible—wrinkles disappear and the worst blemishes are improved at once. Money refunded if you do not immediately see a very desirable change in your looks.

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The sign of a good time.



NAME

ADDRESS

J.B.

HOW TO GET RID OF INDIGESTION.

Those who suffer from indigestion, gastritis, acidity, flatulence, dyspepsia, heartburn, etc., will be glad to learn that instant relief can be obtained by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt. This instantly neutralises the acid that causes all the trouble, stops the fermentation, heals and soothes the inflamed stomach lining, and restores painless, normal digestion. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia of your chemist to-day; it is sold in both powder and tablet forms, and if you will use as directed you will soon be telling your friends how you got rid of indigestion.

DON'T let JOHN BULL'S £500 Crossword Prize float away from you this week, bring it safely to the bank—your bank.

Don't get "cold feet." Don't let previous failures "damp your spirit." You have just as much chance of winning as anyone else. JOHN BULL'S Crosswords are absolutely fair and square.

Get a "swift current" of thought to work now! "Wade in" and win this £500.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN ORDINARY INK, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing three-halfpenny stamp and post to "John Bull, Crosswords (No. 59), 31, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, April 17th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Ollivans Press Ltd., and crossed & Co. Ltd. and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, May 1st. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, Tuesday, May 6th, after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to: The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Ollivans Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Wade in—and win "John Bull's"

£500

must-be-won

X-Word

An extra £50 for runners-up



JOHN BULL will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of JOHN BULL'S Crossword No. 59 appearing below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity in competitor may send in more than one sixpenny down entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), April 17th.

Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, April 24th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, May 1st. Result of Crossword No. 59 appears on page 40.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), April 17th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 59

Entry Form "A."



JB 59

In no separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."



JB 59

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appearing therein and enclose 6d. P.O. No.

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

Closing Date Thursday (noon), April 17th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

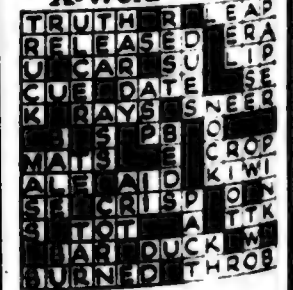
1. Cause of misery.
4. Large spoon.
7. Berle.
8. Seen at a regatta.
10. Bone in the chest.
11. Diplomatic.
12. Reward.
13. Part of verb "to be."
14. To weary.
15. Spread control.
20. We do at cross-roads.
24. Whirls are, when sent to the sea.
25. Robust.
26. Not in.
28. Merry.
29. Wrath.
30. Personal pronoun.
32. Part of a compass.
33. Longish.
36. Continental.
37. A strip.
38. Red.

Clues Down.

1. Seen in a stable.
2. Home of wild beast.
3. Brown colour.
4. What we want.
5. Insect.
6. Has his ups and downs.
8. Remove outer covering.
9. Obtain.
11. Familiar to pavilion.
16. Everything.
17. Mash.
18. Beautiful country capital.
19. What an idler does.
21. Shell fruit.
22. Head.
23. Cereal.
24. Brush needed here.
27. Its victim suffers.
29. A lot.
31. Although.
32. By-product of coal.
34. Wife usually gets.

Chambers's 20th Century
Nuttall's Dictionary
used in compiling

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 57.



Result will be published next issue. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 57 is given with as matter of fact as our X-Word competition. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required for the X-Word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

When you have completed the X-Word have a shot at the new Easy Word "Postscript" Competition in "The Passing Show" Friday, 24. Prizes value over £30. Three shillings for Sixpence.

Write to

"John Bull"**about it!**

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

A. B. (Crewel).—"He is always altering his will." A fresh-heir fiend.

AGENT (Portland Street).—"Our two-waters fit all pockets." Well, that should save all garage fees.

L. D. (Torquay).—"P.S.—I shall not write to you again." You are one of those who keep the best till the end.

T. B. (Cove).—"A driver should never bully his car." But it is necessary that the tyres should have the wind up.

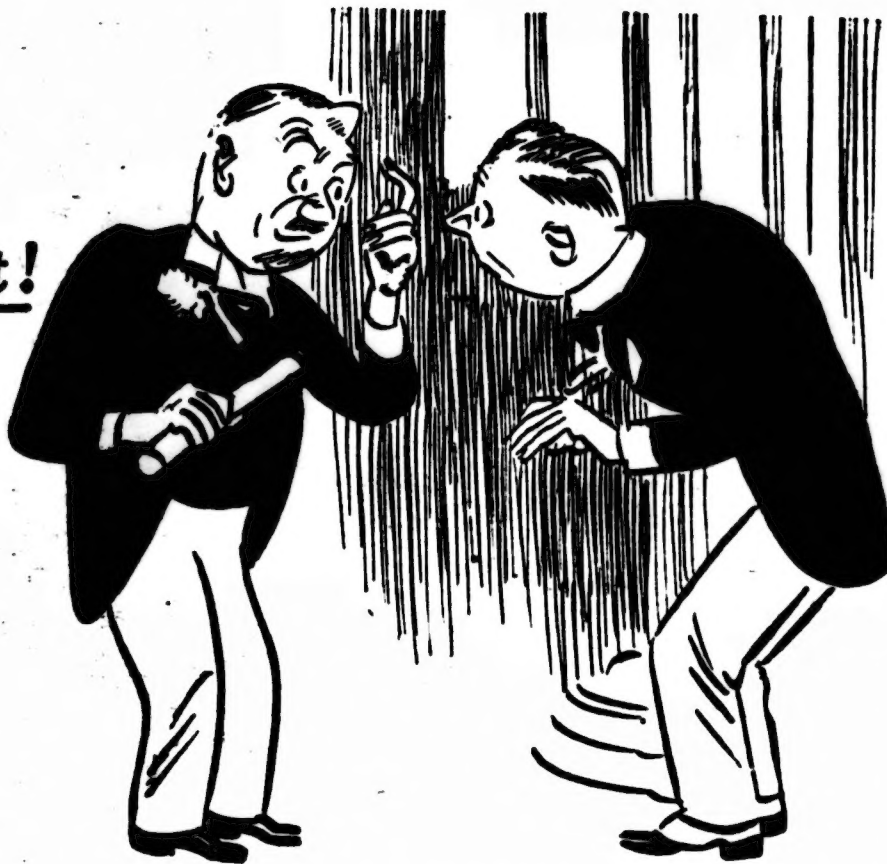
W. S. (Gosport).—"In cold weather we just have to hope for the best." And be prepared for the burst.

F. K. H. (London, S.).—"Very few statues are erected to comedians." Most statues are funny enough as it is.

G. H. (Cobham).—"Laughter means health." Perhaps. But when there's a fit about it's safer to gargle than to giggle.

PORT (Chelmsford).—"My body is here, but my soul is in Italy." Well, you aren't the only poet who couldn't succeed in keeping body and soul together.

A. V. (Hammer-smith).—"As soon as I got inside the door I had a nasty shock." Was the landlord calling "Time, gentlemen, please?"



Miss J. L. C. (Elstree).—"My last husband has promised to be best man at my wedding." He seems the right person to give you away.

F. N. (Edmonton).—"I am totally different from you." Flatterer!

F. J. (Chelmsford).—"Golf requires a delicate touch." The proof is in the putting.

C. H. (Barnstaple).—"I asked her for one kiss and she refused." She is evidently not in the retail business.

G. J. (Charlton).—"Washerwomen are long-lived." In spite of the fact that they are always pegging out.

P. B. (Southsea).—"I can play the piano without using my hands." That's nothing. Lots of people sing and haven't got any voices at all.

G. L. (Harrow).—"All the collars I sent to the laundry came back with frayed edges." What are you grumbling about? They came back.

P. R. (Bolton).—"Scientifically speaking, coal is of the same composition as the diamond." May be, but after all, it is only a carbon copy.

F. M. (Edgware).—"Ladies' hats are to be much larger." How the wearers will get in and out of the new houses is a mystery.

G. E. (Gravesend).—"Mussolini is a wonderful mimic." His life-like imitation of Napoleon is making Winston furious.

G. K. (Ensom).—"Nature's own toothbrush is fruit." When you're packing for a week-end do you just put an apple in your pyjama pocket?

F. K. G. (Clapham).—"The Ancient Greeks played on an instrument that sounded something like a piano." The people next door have one.

D. N. (Poole).—"Chicago bandits recently blew up a shop." They seem to do their shoplifting very thoroughly over there.

T. C. (Peterborough).—"Sir Harry Lauder says the best novel a man can read is his own bank-book." But we never did care for sad endings.

W. R. (Exeter).—"It appears that there is an American millionaire who comes over here every year for the winter." Then why doesn't somebody let him have it?

L. S. (Farnborough).—"Italian bachelors are protesting against regulations imposed on them by Mussolini." To a married man, of course, one Mussolini more or less makes very little difference.

F. T. (Harrow).—"There are original thinkers in the film world." Yes—we see somebody actually chose the title "The Taming of the Shrew" for the film version of "The Taming of the Shrew."

G. M. (Southcote).—"A new device to prevent engines being stolen from cars is a special lock on the radiator." If the driver wishes to inspect the engine and has mislaid the key, all he has to do is to cut round the dotted line with a tin-opener.

D. R. (Wells).—"She thinks I am a wit." Perhaps she is half right.

P. N. (London, N.).—"I was away for a fortnight." Sure it wasn't fourteen days?

G. G. (Hayes).—"Carnets can now be made from vegetable fibre." Brussels sprouts?

P. B. (Ventnor).—"The piano is a good old instrument." But not all pianos are upright.

T. V. (Ely).—"The tailor absolutely refused to give me credit." He'd evidently taken your measure.

G. M. (Eastbourne).—"Some fish travel enormous distances." Goldfish go right round the globe.

A. Y. (Kettering).—"I know for a fact that she was born in 1906." When does she celebrate her twenty-first birthday?

GERTIE (Hampstead).—"I have found a flat at last." When is the ceremony to take place?

C. J. (Nowley).—"I've invented a new fountain-pen, but as yet it is a secret." But it may leak out.

L. N. (Horsham).—"When I got home I found the house was on fire." Many a homecoming husband gets a warm reception.

F. J. (Highgate).—"I understand women." Then what do women motorists mean when they put their hands out?

A. N. (Picton).—"New aeroplanes have kitchens." When the cook wants to toss a pancake he gets the pilot to loop the loop.

H. M. (Clerkenwell).—"Ice-skating gives one an appetite." Even if at first you find it more comfortable to take your meals standing up.

MABEL (Putney).—"You may not believe it, but in the past six weeks I have said 'No!' to no less than nine men." What were they selling?

G. S. (Cardiff).—"Is your biggest 'Bullets' winner decided yet?" His name is on page 39, and so are twenty more big prizes which we're shelling out shortly.

D. C. (Mortlake).—"A fountain-pen, when it's nearly empty, usually spills the little it has in stock." Something like the human head.

DOCTOR (London, N.).—"Pleomorphic streptococcus is the name given to the newly discovered influenza germ." We can only say that it serves the little beggar right.

H. K. (Colindale).—"An American hugged a girl so tightly that he broke her ribs." Don't tell us that this cave man afterwards expressed regret and said he had no idea she was so ticklish.

D. B. (Torquay).—"More than one ermine coat on a woman's back is made from white hares." Yes, and a lot of white hairs on a man's head are made from ermine coats!

THE Editor Replies

F. C. (Morden).—"It's easy to pick out the best people." They'll help you to do it.

S. T. (Bath).—"My husband always talks in his sleep. What do you advise me to do?" Learn shorthand.

O. B. (Birmingham).—"I made my fortune out of snuff." So it isn't to be sneezed at.

P. M. (Lee).—"What would you do in the case of a person eating poisonous fungus?" Recommend a change of diet.

T. A. (Cardiff).—"China is abolishing extraterritoriality." Let's hope that they will be able to accomplish the job a few syllables at a time.

D. N. (Catford).—"The average man doesn't know enough about women's clothes." Well, all he needs to know is the price.

M. B. (Grays).—"The writing of the present-day schoolboy is indecipherable." So in a few years' time the medical profession looks like being overcrowded.

S. T. (Monmouth).—"Two friends of mine nearly came to blows over the merits of a gramophone record." No doubt there was something to be said for both sides.

B. P. (Grantham).—"At a dinner to be held here shortly admission will be at the rate of a penny a pound on the weight of the diner." It seems as if it would be more sensible to make them pay as they leave.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of general unconscious humour from the current Press are reprinted, without printers' errors or omissions, in this column. Must be sent to the Editor of "John Bull" for publication. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."



LEDS. M. (A.).—"A romantic story lies behind the publication of a text-book on 'How to STAIN the nervous system'."

EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"He is a rather small, stout man, OF MEDIUM HEIGHT."

LIVERPOOL POST AND ECHO:—"The woman was wearing black shoes. Her boots were of patent leather."

MOORE'S:—"If you have the slightest difficulty in obtaining it write to us for the name of your DEAREST PROCKET."

GOULD TIMES:—"Two two-ton SPRING DAYS were sold for £4 10s. each."

THE SPECTATOR:—"The Duke is seen above SHAW'S HEADS with..."

DETECTIVE MAGAZINE:—"He sat there for a long time bent over with his face buried in his HEAD."

HUDDERSDALE DAILY EXAMINER:—"Imperial Cup on an Open Handicap Hurdle Race of 1000 MILES."

WARWICK COUNTY NEWS:—"Timber and Slate Merchants and Packing Case PERMITS."

SCHOOLBOY'S OWN LIBRARY ("Dolly by herself")—"She was actually at the pillar-box when the strains of music reached her EARS."

BRISTOL EVENING TIMES AND ECHO:—"Both machines were damaged and injured on the KNEE and HAND."

SCHOOLBOY:—"A girl SEATED with two almost-grown-up schoolboy brothers a few feet from Mollie, stood smiling noddingly."

ARGOSY MAGAZINE:—"He plunged his BLUE EYES through the BARS."

Defeat
DULLNESS
and
Constipation
in
this
safe
pleasant way



Feen-a-mint defeats constipation in a few hours, safely, gently and pleasantly. The chewing does it; you chew Feen-a-mint, and its tasteless laxative content is released to do its work—naturally and thoroughly. No griping. Nor is it habit-forming. An occasional Feen-a-mint will keep you fit always... and costs you less than 1d. a week. Buy Feen-a-mint to-day.

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FEEN-A-MINT PRODUCTS LIMITED
15 Bush House, London, W.C.2

A GIRL'S GREATEST NEED.

To Regain Her Good Looks.

"No girl can be beautiful without good health," said a well-known authority recently. It is a recognised fact that beauty and health go hand in hand, and British girls and women owe their fame to beauty to the good health they usually enjoy. Their complexions have that rosy tint that can only come from pure rich blood.

The complexion is a safe guide to the state of the blood. If your face is pale, then your blood is thin. Many girls lose their looks through anaemia, which is nothing but thin and deficient blood. They also suffer in other ways, for the anaemic girl has no appetite, she gets out of breath if she climbs a hill; she becomes depressed and is often ill-tempered.

The one cure for anaemia is a plentiful supply of rich red blood, and this may be ensured by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. A short course of these pills will soon result in increased appetite, a return of colour to the cheeks, and renewed energy.

So safeguard both your health and beauty by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of all chemists, 3s. 6d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE. "Nature's Warnings" is a booklet that every girl should read. Write to C.F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

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And it holds the Hernia with such gentle firmness that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite and the rupture is unperceptible for ever. No wonder doctors everywhere recommend it.

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Make full personal trial absolutely free. Fill in this advertisement to a sheet of paper, add your name and address, and post it to-day to the

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Out of thousands of cases not one case of failure has yet been reported.

Fullers (Brand) Celery Perles (each small, easily-swallowed pearl contains the medicinal value of 20 lbs. of Golden Celery) will give you ease instead of pain by 12 a.m. to-morrow. In a week your rheumatism has completely disappeared—never to return. It is a matter no longer! Don't hesitate. Prove it for yourself.

Under \$100 guarantee we undertake to refund your money in full if after 7 days you return the remainder and say you are not satisfied with the progress.

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REFUSE UNSCIENTIFIC IMITATIONS

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Our Scheme to Help the Helpless

"I AM aware that it is a commonplace of comfortable and easily-circumstanced people to say that any man who really wants a job can find one. I assure them that this is not so. It was not so nearly ten years ago, and still less is it so to-day."

We quote these words from a story by Mr. Hugh Walpole, because in our work for "The Greatest of These"—Fund we have found them to be undeniably true.

The majority of the unemployed are not so by choice. Their days of enforced idleness are days of acute misery. When the days stretch out to weeks, and the weeks to months, they taste a very bitter despair.

To ease that despair by helping their families over some crisis is what we beseech our readers to help us to do.

We are deeply grateful to those who come to our aid. But many who have the will to give have not the means, and we, therefore, in the hope of a ready response, put forward the following scheme:

There must be many thousands of our readers who have accumulated a number of gramophone-records which have given them pleasure in the past, but which are now disused through their owners having tired of them or because they have become worn or out of date.

These records can now be made to bring happiness and ease of mind in another way if sent to be realised for the benefit of our fund.

Even old, scratched or cracked records are acceptable, as by a new process some of the original material can be reclaimed for further use.

Please hunt up these records without delay and send them to "Records," 89, Rusholme Road, Manchester.

Carriage will be refunded in all cases where desired. All gifts will be acknowledged in JOHN BULL.

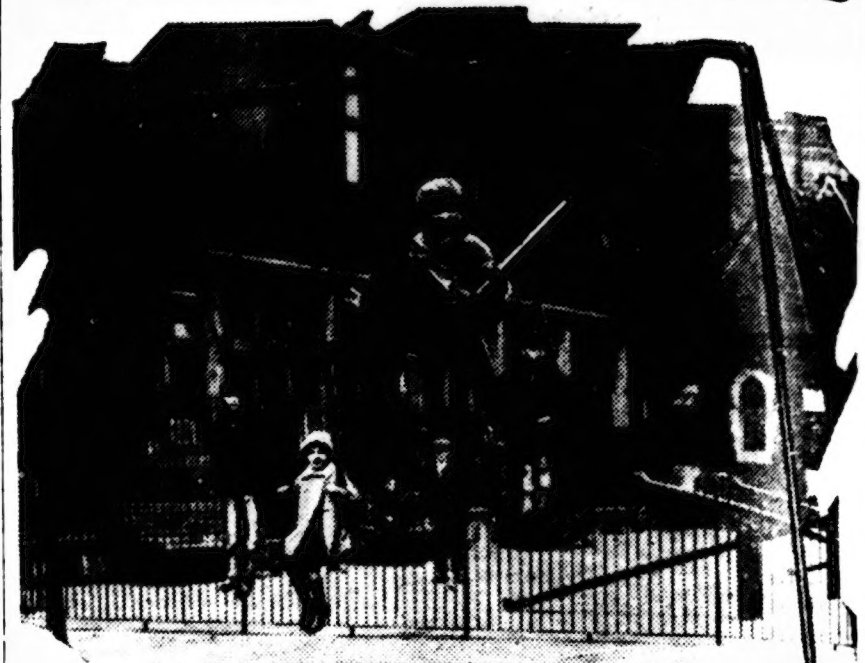
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Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

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When the children go swinging or climbing or romping, there is nearly always one venturesome spirit ready to "beat" all the others. Then it is

that play becomes dangerous. Broken limbs frequently happen.

JOHN BULL pays Children's Benefits under its Great Free Family Insurance, a boon which thousands of our readers have been thankful for. Are your kiddies always in mischief? Have you signed the forms?

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for
me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

Date

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 12/4/30.

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Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature

Age

Address

Name and Address
of Newsagent

Date

Use 4d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

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Two of these coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen. For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-. For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6. Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. (make payable to JOHN BULL). Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 83, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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"EVERPOINTED" PENCIL FREE, complete with re-fill. Cash the Coupons.



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PRIZES**

*This week
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25 PRIZES OF £1
50 OF 10/- 500 OF 2/6
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

**'BULLETS'
FIRST
PRIZE**

HURRY UP FOR "BULLETS" BIG TWENTY!

RUN your eye along the lengthy list of substantial prizes ranging from £250 down to £10, and then let it rest on the *Examples* below. To one of them add any **TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS** of apt and original content, and you have completed a *Bullet*.

As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example A GIANT'S TASK*, the addition of the words **UNEMPLOYMENT—LET'S BE "BIG,"** would form a *Bullet*.

P.S.—Enter also for the 2,265 "Postscripts" prizes offered every Friday in *Passing Show*. Any **FOUR, FIVE or SIX** words may win you £100!

WINNERS IN "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 752.

FIRST PRIZE OF 4,000 GUINEAS OR £2,000 AND PENSION.

Mr. John Irvine, 55, Broomlands Street, Paisley, N.B.

Example:—**MAN WITH A GUN**

Bullet:—**WASN'T "GREATEST SCULPTOR'S" DESIGN.**

SECOND PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. T. Timmuth, 9, Hutton Street, Sunderland.

Example: **Hand of Friendship**
Bullet: **Boysenham's First "Weapon."**

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. R. Manchin, 364, Downham Way, Bromley.

Example: **Wonderful World**
Bullet: **Lord new Behold View.**

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. P. Brown, 24, Garbutt Street, Stockton-on-Tees.

Example: **Mrs. Busyboddy**
Bullet: **Every Street, World.**

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

G. PACLEY, 7, Cuthurst Road, Blackheath, London, S.E.

Example: **Class Free—Binds Glasses.**

A. DICK, 15 Henry Street, Burton-on-Trent.

Example: **Road Disarmament—But Alternative.**

E. J. JONES, 9, Normanton Avenue, Bognor Regis.

Example: **Wishes—Wise Divide—Divide**

A. J. JONES, 25, Seely Road, Tooting Junction, S.W.

Example: **Wishes—Don't "Feed" Hubby**

Mrs. F. J. JONES, 20, Macklin Road, Salisbury.

Example: **Wonderful World—We "Found" It**

R. HARDING, 10, Douglas Road, Luton.

Example: **Cooperation—Farmer "Cultivates" The**

Consumer.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the Editor undertaking that every *Bullet* presented shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed & Co. Competitors

must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Gohams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

B. H. PEARSON, 81, Cyril Road, B'ham.

Example: **Time To Start—We're Aware—But Where?**

Mrs. G. H. RANGLES, Rockmount, Frods-

ham

Example: **Tattered And Torn—Grimly Recalls College**

"Rags."

L. RHIND, 19, Leicester Avenue, L'pool.

Example: **Danger To Industry—The "Ah, Me!"**

Army.

E. THOMAS, 40, Bradford Road, Weymouth.

Example: **Wonderful World—Can't Beat—Can Better.**

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

W. BARKEK, 22b, Compton Terrace, Canon-

bury, N.

Example: **Popular Budget—"England Exempts Every**

Man—"

P. HANRETTY, 2, Harcourt Avenue, Sea-

combe.

Example: **Most Profitable—"The Plough" Brewer**

Owens.

A. HORNER, c/o Parkside, Kingston Vale,

Putney, S.W.

Example: **Time To Start—"Stirring," Before**

"Curry" Boils.

Mrs. LAVERS, 2, Garden Cres., Plymouth.

Example: **Co-operation—"Password" Averting In-**

dustrial "Challenges."

J. McKAY, 3, Rosebank Street, Belfast.

Example: **Sinking Ship—Industry—"Lifeboat's"**

Being Built!

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

H. MOORE, 11, Leigh's Fold, Patricroft.

Example: **Man With A Gun—Burglar—Hubby Shot**

Upstairs.

J. MORTON, Palace Billiard Hall, Annfield

Plain.

Example: **In The Old Days—"Silence, Woman!"—**

Now, "Speech!"

A. STANNERS, 149, Bo'ness Road, Grange-

mouth.

Example: **Danger To Industry—Red Flag—Tape—**

Flannel.

R. STEWART, 51, Grafton Road, B'ham.

Example: **Popular Budget—Taxing "Plums," Not**

Crumbs.

Mrs. M. E. WANT, 4, Sandford Street,

Cheltenham.

Example: **In The Old Days—British "Steel" Defied**

Invaders.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A list of 50 £1, 100 10/-, and 1,000 2/6 prize-

winners can be seen at these offices.

Advance "Examples" for "Bullets" No. 757.

Through The Tunnel—"They're Off!"—

Well Spoken—Weary And Worn—In The

Temple Of Fame—His Success—Undeterred—

I Daresay—Straight From The Heart—Talking

About Horses—Husband v. Wife—Along The

Road—Up Came A Policeman And—What

Chance Have I When—In An Emergency—

Rent—Man In Possession—Counted Out—

Pond Farewell—The Author—Never Makes

Mistakes—In The Past—One More—Foreigners

—What's Wrong With Us—Loving—No Friends

—Honesty Pays—In Between—Nobody Would

Grumble If—Man I'd Like To Meet—Last

Penny. (Closing Saturday, April 26.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 756

A GIANT'S TASK
RITOUS LIVING
GOING GREAT GUNS
NOT SO AMUSING
GOLDEN PROMISES
LIFE-BATMAN BILL
SCREWING UP HIS COURAGE
STREWING WITH ROSES
GROWING EVIL
IF PARTIES WERE SCRAPPED
JOKING APART

ON THE BORDER
BETTER LEFT UNSAID
WATCHING RESULTS
HAPPILY
BELOW THE BELT
AT THE END OF THE WEEK
ELIXIR OF LIFE
FAILURES
PUSHING TO THE FRONT
FROM DOVER TO CALAIS
DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT

FATHER SAID NOTHING, BUT
HE PRESSED THE BUTTON AND
TOUGH STUFF
SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE
GETTING DOWN TO FACTS
HEALING
MAN OF IRON
NO BETTER
UNDIGNIFIED
CONFOUNDING THE CRITICS

Example _____ Closing SAT., Apr. 19

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(756) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT., Apr. 19

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(756) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of two, three or four words.

Example _____ Closing SAT., Apr. 19

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(756) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT., Apr. 19

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(756) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 756, "John Bull,"

SPECIAL NEWAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 756 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Free weekly help awaits you in *Bullets Bulletin*. Sample copy sent to applicants who enclose half-penny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. crossed and made payable to JOHN BULL brings 12 weeks' issues post paid. Address:—"Bulletin" Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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WEEK'S
SENSATION**

**"BULLETS"
ONE-WEEK
RECORD FIRST**

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

£550 AWARDED IN "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 56.

In Crossword Competition No. 56, solutions containing one error each were received from the following twelve competitors, 10 each of whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £41 13s. 4d. will be despatched.

E. Berry, 15, Matthew Ln., Meltham, Nr. Hudders'd. H. W. Stroud, 67, Dennis Rd., Eastbourne, Sussex.
M. A. Davey, 1, Millar Place, Stirling. Mrs. C. Taylor, Shaws Lane, Uppermill, Nr. Ollham.
F. Dodman, 13, Richard Street, Barnsley. Mrs. J. Thompson, 4, Eastfield Gds., Weston-s-Mare.
C. Weaver, 6, Waterdyke Av., Southwick, Sussex. Mrs. R. Thompson, Ladybridge House, King's Lynn.
J. H. Roberts, 117, Guildford Road, Southport. A. Turner, 23, Grove Road, London, N.W.4.
R. W. Smith, 40, Grove Road, Folkestone, Kent. Mrs. J. Wilson, Bungalows, Muirkirk, Ayrshire.

Solutions containing two errors were received from the following 56 competitors, who share the additional £50, each receiving 17s. 11d.

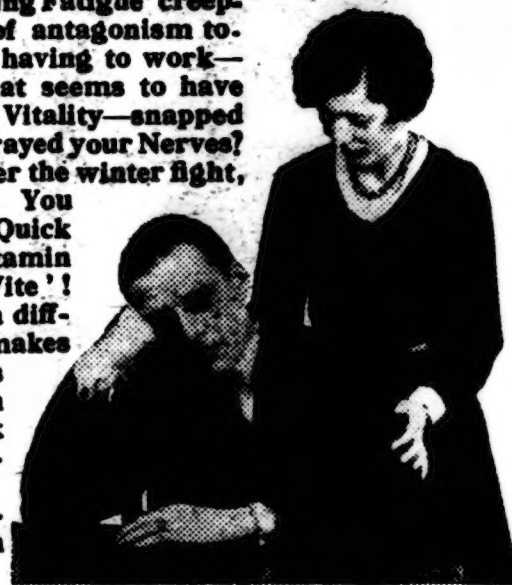
Appleson, Mrs. A., 5, Romington Gr., Harehills, Leeds. Lewis, Mrs. E. L., 165, Kwell Rd., Surbiton, Surrey.
Arton, A., Church St., West Hagley, Nr. Stourbridge. Lister, J., Hethel, Norwich.
Ashton, T., 3, Florence Cots, N. Cross, London, S.E.14. Love, J., Oakdene, Mortimer, Berks.
Aust, B., Lower House, Bleanthwood, Ludlow. Markland, Mrs. T., 140A, Chorley New Rd., Horwich.
Barrett, Mrs. H., 45, Church Grove, Wilmsley, Wigan. Mr. Bolton.
Beckwith, Mrs. E. A., Church View, Emley, Nr. Huddersfield.
Chivers, F., Cope Close, Cranbourne, Salisbury. Maycock, H., 6, High St., Broadfield, Oswaldtwistle.
Clarke, G. H., Skendley, Spillby, Lincs. Murmstoy, A., 21, Hastings Pl., Marshfield, Bradford.
Cotton, P., 9, Middlesex Street, Worcester. Nimmo, J., 15, Main St., Uddington.
Crowder, Miss A., Rye Av., Linthwaite, Huddersfield. Patterson, J. H., 37, Perth St., Glasgow, N.B.
Daniel, Mrs., 12F, Cottages, Scotswood-on-Tyne. Payne, A., 40, Bank St., Handfield, Manchester.
Davies, E. M., Rowanake, Pansybank Rd., Mold. Quinn, Mrs. T., Diamond, Bushfield, Ireland.
Day, A. E., 14, Nightingale Rd., Southsea, Hants. Roberts, W., 18, Hinda Street, Lancaster.
Dewhurst, F., 110, Harlow Rd., Lidgate Green, Bradford, Yorks. Sawyer, G., Hertsfield, Marden, Kent.
Dowdle, P. G., 73, Carlisle Rd., Keighley, Yorks. Scott, N. P., 6, Jennings St., Swindon, Wilts.
Durward, J. R., 3, Ellinger Terrace, Dalnair. Shaw, I., Bankview, Denryloanhead, Stirlingshire.
Fletcher, Mrs. D., 18, Highworth Pl., Witney, Oxon. Shearer, Mrs. M., 97, Garnet St., Garnett Hill, Glasgow.
Galper, F. A., 10, The Square, Winchester, Hants. Silvey, Mrs. R., Leicester, Oxon.
Greig, E. J., 69, Oban Drive, Glasgow, N.W. Tamm, N., 38, Crella St., Barrow-in-Furness.
Hedding, Mrs. S. M., 2, Melbourne St., Barrow-in-Furness. Sturgeon, Mrs. B., 11, Gilder St., Oxford St., Newbury.
Hooper, H., Cornwell St., Bere-Astons, Devon. Sumner, T., 13, Inham Road, Torquay.
Howard, G. L., Brookhouse P.O., Preston, Lancs. Tavenor, A. E., 167, Somers Road, Portsmouth.
Hunt, W., Edington, Nr. Bridgwater. Thomas, Mrs. R., 8, Ave. St. Ives, Cornwall.
Jefferys, F., 6, Queen St., East Ardley, Wakefield. Tibbetta, F., 60, Broad Green, Wellingborough.
Jefford, Mrs., 16, Fairview Rd., Salisbury. Vaughan, Miss P., 223, Newtown, Ashford, Kent.
Johnson, W. J., 6, Ashgrove Spring Vale, Miles St., Birmingham. Wainwright, H., 61, Ormskirk Rd., Skelmersdale, Lancs.
Kerr, W., 43, Coopers Ridge (A), Church St., Liverpool. White, W. L., 23, Westgate Ter., Redcliffe Sq., S.W.10.
Williams, A. J., Chapel Ter., Trewithian, Camborne.
Wittner, G., Potter Row, Gt. Missenden, Bucks.
Wright, F. E., 27, Aldridge St., Waltham, S.E.17.

Another £500 X-Word appears on Page 34. Try Your Skill Now!

Spring Fatigue AND 'Yeast-Vite'

Have YOU felt the 'Spring Fatigue' creeping on you—a sense of antagonism towards the necessity of having to work—a leaden numbness that seems to have taken your last ounce of Vitality—snapped your Mental alertness, frayed your Nerves? Your body is 'tired' after the winter fight, your resistance is low. You need—urgently—the Quick Tonic Action and Vitamin Nutrition of 'Yeast-Vite'! It's marvellous what a difference 'Yeast-Vite' makes in only a few minutes—why, you will soon feel that you can work and play with a vengeance.

Read here the 'Yeast-Vite' Quick - Health Time-Table.



Yeast-Vite Relieves

NERVE PAINS - In 5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES - In 5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE - In 10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION - In 10/20 MINS.
"NERVES" - In 10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION - In 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION - In 15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS - In 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM - In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION - In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD - In 36 HOURS

Weakened by the Winter fight—starved of Vitamins, your system has to contend against another danger in the variability of the Weather—Warm sunny days—followed by bleak returns to Winter Conditions—nurture the body in its present state.

"By George—I
Feel Better
already"



When you are Nervy, Tired, Dispirited and "Done" 'Yeast-Vite' will not only make you well but keep you well!

NO CURE—NO PAY!

£5,000 GUARANTEE

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of 'Yeast-Vite' Tonic Tablets from ANY Chemist, and after ACTUAL PERSONAL TEST you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the SUPREME HEALTH

VALUE of this Amazing Scientific Remedy, simply return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, with Government Stamp attached, and your money will be refunded AT ONCE and IN FULL under a £5,000 GUARANTEE.

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TONIC TABLETS. From All Chemists, 1/3, 3/- & 5/- per bottle